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War correspondent Ernie Pyle (center) relaxes with a 191st Tank Battalion crew during a lull at Anzio.

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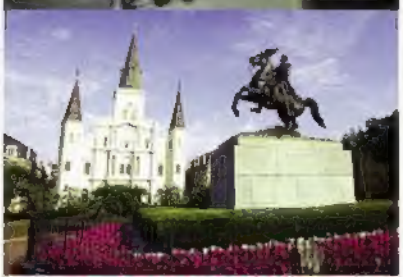

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AMERICA IN
WWII
The War • The Home Front • The People
February 2014, Volume Nine, Number Five

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COVER SHOT: *War correspondent Ernie Pyle (center) chats with a crew from the 191st Tank Battalion after dinner on the Anzio beachhead. Pyle, famous for covering the war from the GIs' perspective, wrote about these men of the 191st in one of his 1944 columns.* NATIONAL ARCHIVES

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Perfect Storms

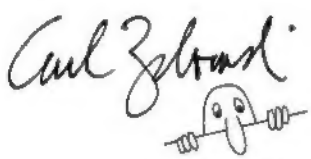
YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED THE HEADLINE at the top of this issue's cover that mentions a typhoon. The typhoon there is the Typhoon of 1944, which struck Admiral Bull Halsey's Third Fleet near the Philippines. It arrived on December 17 and 18 and tossed around some awfully big ships filled with thousands of American sailors. I wasn't born yet, so I didn't know any of those men who were sent into the Pacific to fight for the United States. I've never been to the Philippines either. So it's all another world to me—a different time, a strange place, unknown people.

But I can read about it. Charles Wiggins was one of the American sailors on the scene when the typhoon hit. He had to climb to an observation nest through high winds and near-zero-visibility torrential rain. Fortunately for me—and for you—he not only had the desire to write about what he experienced for our edification, but also has the gift of storytelling. I finished reading his article a bit out of breath after he drew me in so close that I felt some hint of what he felt. I had special appreciation and a sense of gratefulness for him and his comrades. The storm killed almost 800 of his fellow sailors.

I bet that as you read this, you're thinking about another typhoon in the Philippines—the one that just hit in November. News of that typhoon came in while I was preparing Mr. Wiggins's manuscript for publication. I read articles, examined photos of destruction and the survivors. We hear of disasters and horrors around the world too often, and the impact on us isn't equally strong every time. This one hit me pretty hard, and I think it was because of Mr. Wiggins's story. I was open to a connection with this strange place and with people different from me, in part because Mr. Wiggins had just connected me with other unknown people in the same strange place in a similar circumstance.

Reading can do that—take you to foreign places, encourage empathy with unknown others, and develop a mind that's open to the unfamiliar. I don't think reading history, or reading the news, or reading literature can give you clear guidance on how to act in specific situations, but it can give you insight into what it is to be human. Done well, it can open us up to the experience of others.

We hope to provide an experience like that in this magazine, as most good book, periodical, and newspaper publishers hope to provide in what they publish. In that vein, I suggest you read a bit and think a moment about the plight of the devastated people of the Philippines—the death toll has passed 5,000 as I write this and the material damage will take years, decades, to recover from—and turn to page 50 to take in and consider the experience of Seaman First Class Charles Wiggins.



Carl Zebrowski
Editor, *America in WWII*

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We wish you peace, joy, happiness and health in the New Year!

V-MAIL

DOOLITTLE RAIDERS' LAST TOAST

THE DOOLITTLE RAIDERS' final toast [on November 9, 2013, at the National Museum of the US Air Force at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio] was a perfect conclusion for a historic military aviation event. Well done to the Raiders organization, the National Museum of the US Air Force, the US Air Force, the crews and organizers of the B-25s that flew in, and all behind the scenes who helped make the event possible. (I was ashamed of the fact that no serving members of the Senate or Congress were present, having sent representatives instead.) I wish the best to the last four Doolittle Raiders and hope they will still have opportunities to get together informally out of the public eye for as long as they wish.

BOB TAYLOR
Painesville, Ohio

PUTTING UP HIS DUKES FOR DUKE

ALTHOUGH JOHN E. STANCHAK'S article ["Hollywood's Hero," December 2013] is correct in many respects, the record needs to be set straight. Though John Wayne did not don a military uniform, he did get orders from the War Department via Major General Bill Donovan to tour the Southwest Pacific in 1943, not as a USO performer but as an eyewitness for the OSS. [Donovan was head of the OSS, the Office of Strategic Services.] In fact, Wayne even showed up at one battalion headquarters in New Guinea while the Japanese were bombing them. He didn't have to visit some of the forward bases, but he did.

After his visit to other fronts on other Pacific locales, he did return to the Hollywood grind to make more movies during the war, with a new appreciation for "The Boys Who Made the Noise." After the war, Wayne did receive an official certificate (yes, I know it was not a service discharge) from the Office of Strategic Services, signed by Donovan. It indicated that Wayne did follow his assignment as per the War Department and "honorably served" as a member of the OSS. The Duke may not have been Sergeant Stryker, but nor was he the draft dodger of his detractors past, present, or future.

By the way, Wayne did make the USC football team. He played one season. Then, after sustaining severe shoulder injury while body surfing (yes, body surfing), his football career was finished. The shoulder injury would actually bother him for life.

GREGORY SASSONE
Allenhurst, New Jersey

US AIR FORCE

Three of the four surviving Doolittle Raiders attended the Raiders' final toast in November 2013: (from left) Edward Saylor, Richard Cole, and David Thatcher.

GRATEFUL VAUGHN MONROE FANS

I WRITE TO THANK YOU on behalf of the founders of the Vaughn Monroe Appreciation Society. Both Claire [Schwartz] and Lou [Kohnen] expressed their gratitude to the publishers of *America in WWII* and your staff. Besides the interesting article on Vaughn Monroe's classic "Let It Snow" [78 RPM, "95 Degrees and Snowy," December 2013] and the story behind the writing/composing of this song, they thoroughly enjoyed all the other articles in the magazine. It is so well done and has such a variety of features.

EDWARD P. SHALLOW
Dorchester, Massachusetts

FOR THOSE WHO SERVED UNDERAGE

I WAS IN THE ARMY just after V-J Day. I joined when I was 16-years-old by a bit of fibbing. It is estimated that between 1939 and about 1955, some 250,000 men and women enlisted underage in our armed forces, many in World War II.

I belong to a group called Veterans of Underage Military Service, or VUMS, as we call ourselves. This is for men who joined any service at age 16 or under and for women at under age 20. We have had in our group men who fought in the Bulge, D-Day, Iwo Jima, Okinawa, the Philippines, North Africa, Italy, and France, including a four-star general, a four-star admiral, and two Medal of Honor winners.

We, like other WWII veterans, are dying off rapidly and are trying to make others who enlisted underage aware of our great organization in hopes they might join. I know they would enjoy the camaraderie and some good old GI BS, and maybe meet someone in their old outfit.

DUANE K. ENGER
Kalispell, Montana, mtvumsforu@gmail.com

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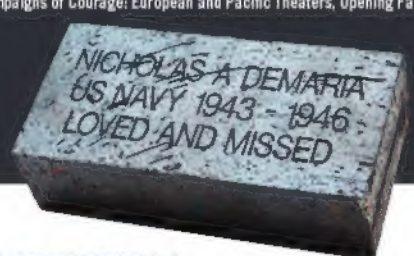

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PHOTO FROM THE US ARMY WEEKLY PUBLICATION
YANK, DOWN UNDER, MARCH 17, 1944

A POLKA-DOT BIKINI, a photo shoot on a beach, and a flood of letters to the editor. Those were the main ingredients of starletdom for Chili Williams. They came together when a small shot of her posed in what would become her signature bikini appeared in *Time* magazine in 1943 and thousands of letters requesting more flowed into the publisher's mailroom. The editors responded by devoting a full page to her. The Minnesota model born Marian Sorenson in 1921 was now known as the "the Polka-Dot Girl."

Expanding on this exposure, Williams appeared as the featured pinup in early 1944 editions of the US Army weekly publication *Yank*. RKO Radio Pictures took notice of her growing popularity and gave her a movie contract that same year. She would go on to appear in 20 films.

Williams never made the leap from starlet to star, and her films are mostly forgotten, but she remained a GI favorite through the war's end. In the winter of 1944–1945, she entertained troops on a USO tour of the Pacific theater. She also modeled for a series of photographs designed to pique the interest of soldiers learning how to use camouflage.

Never able to shake her image as the Polka-Dot Girl, Williams retired from the movie business in 1952 and opened a dress shop in Las Vegas. She lived to age 81.

—*Allison Charles,*
editorial intern

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Warplanes on the National Mall

by Robert Gabrick

Keith Ferris's mural *Fortresses under Fire* greets visitors at the start of the "World War II Aviation" exhibit.

It all started with the Golden Age of Flight. Aviation was new and exciting. World War I pilots made headlines dogfighting over battlefields. Flying records were set. Planes were evolving from wood and fabric to sleek metal. Then along came World War II to launch aviation technology into the future.

The Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum on the National Mall in Washington, DC, tells the story of aviation as well as any place in the world. Its collection features more than 60,000 artifacts that touch on all of aviation and spaceflight history. And World War II is an important part of that. Six exhibits here focus on and explain the critical role of the war in aircraft development.

Our tour of the museum begins with the "Golden Age of Flight" exhibit, which highlights aviation between the world wars. On display here is the Hughes H-1, designed by Howard Hughes, the famous entrepreneur, movie producer, and aviator. Between the years 1935 and 1937, Hughes set the transcontinental speed record (332 mph) and the world speed record (353 mph). Historians say his radial-engine H-1 influenced the development of a number of WWII aircraft, including America's Grumman F6F Hellcat and Republic P-47 Thunderbolt, Japan's Mitsubishi A6M Zero, and Germany's Focke-Wulf Fw 190.

Advancements in aircraft design spurred armies and navies to develop new strategies. A display of photographs and exquisite models tells the story of US Navy efforts in the 1920s and 1930s to adapt aircraft for naval deployment and of parallel developments in the army air corps and strategic bombing. A theater in this exhibit features a video on Major James "Jimmy" Doolittle, who led the pivotal Tokyo Raid in 1942.

When you move through the museum from the interwar period into World War II, an impressive mural of a B-17 Flying Fortress on a bombing run greets you. The painting, *Fortresses under Fire* by Keith Ferris, acts as the backdrop for the "World War II Aviation" exhibit.

Five land-based fighters are the focal points of the exhibit, each from a different nation. A Messerschmitt Bf 109 G-6, used extensively in the Battle of Britain, represents Germany. Suspended overhead as if in flight is a Japanese Mitsubishi A6M5 Zero, used in the raid on Pearl Harbor and for Kamikaze attacks. The Italian Macchi C.202 Folgore is a rare example from the *Regia Aeronautica*, the Italian Royal Air Force. Britain's legendary Supermarine Spitfire Mk VII helped defend England in the Battle of Britain and served on every major battlefront. A US North American P-51D Mustang, arguably the best fighter in the war, rounds out the fighter display.

Visitors can get a bird's-eye view of these aircraft from the balcony, while learning about their flights from the photographs and objects lining the walls. Among the displays are "Tokyo Raid" and "WASP" (Women Airforce Service Pilots). Part of the fuselage of the Martin B-26B Marauder *Flak Bait* is on display. Incredibly, *Flak Bait* survived more than 200 missions, sustaining more than 1,000 bullet and shrapnel holes, having its hydraulics shot out twice, and returning to base with only one engine twice. A large portion of one wall is dedicated to mementoes from various pilots. Adding a personal touch are V-Mail from loved ones, pinups, a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes, a K-Ration breakfast box, snapshots, and playing cards.

The "Sea-Air Operations" exhibit covers the naval aviation that revolutionized sea warfare. Upon entering, the shriek of a boatswain's whistle brings you aboard a partial re-creation of an aircraft carrier.

ALL PHOTOS THIS STORY ROBERT GABRICK

Upper left: The Martin B-26B Marauder *Flak Bait* flew 200 missions. A partial fuselage of the fighter is on display in the "World War II Aviation" exhibit. Lower left: Visitors can peek beneath the hood at a Rolls Royce Merlin Mark 64, 1074 HP aircraft engine. Right: Germany's Messerschmitt Bf 109 G-6 made its mark in the Battle of Britain.

The mythical USS *Smithsonian* packs four carrier-based navy and marine aircraft in its confined space, with a Grumman F4F (FM-1) Wildcat and a Douglas SBD-6 Dauntless as the highlights. Wildcats fought at Wake Island, the Coral Sea, Midway, and Guadalcanal, and Dauntlesses destroyed four Japanese carriers in the Battle of Midway, a turning point in the war in the Pacific. Filling this multi-floor exhibit are displays with written summaries and photos of major action in the Pacific theater, including Pearl Harbor, Midway, Guadalcanal, the Coral Sea, the Solomon Islands, the Santa Cruz Islands, the Philippine Sea, and Leyte Gulf

The "Jet Aviation" exhibit examines the development of jet powered aircraft, which started as World War II was ending. On display are three jet planes from the era, starting with the German Messerschmitt Me 262A *Swallow*, the world's first operational jet fighter, flown in the war's final year. Wickedly fast, it exceeded the top speed of the North American P-51 Mustang by 120 mph, clocking in at a whopping 541 mph. A display on Operation Lusty (short for Luftwaffe secret technology) details American efforts to get ahold of Germany's advanced aircraft after the war.

The restored Lockheed XP 80 *Lulu-Belle* was the prototype for the Lockheed P 80 Shooting Star, America's first operational turbojet that was committed to full production. XP 80 test flights began on January 8, 1944, and continued after the war. A companion display provides the story of Kelly Johnson, the aeronautical engineer responsible for the turbojet's development.

The McDonnell FH 1 Phantom here would become the first jet to successfully take off and land on an aircraft carrier. Though it wasn't deployed until after the war, in July 1947, the Phantom first flew on January 26, 1945.

The Bell XP-59A Airacomet is part of the "Milestones of Flight" exhibit. Like many jets constructed during World War II, its usefulness was limited to contributing research for future aircraft. The Airacomet never saw combat; decision-makers in the United States opted to concentrate on the mass production of propeller aircraft to achieve air superiority through sheer quantity.

The "Space Race" exhibit includes harbingers of the future that originated from the German retaliatory weapons known as V-weapons. The V-1 pulse jet, or buzz bomb, seen here represents more than 20,000 that were launched against London and other cities in Europe. First deployed in September 1944, the V-2 launched from a mobile platform and was the world's first long-range liquid propellant ballistic missile.

All the iconic planes and weapons of World War II displayed in the National Air and Space museum pay homage to the practical application of imaginative genius and the indomitable human spirit. They also reveal just how much the developments of a war now 70 years gone continue to influence technology today ★

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Robert Gabrick is a contributing editor of America in WWII *and writes frequently for the magazine.*

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PART ONE

IKE

TAKES COMMAND

FDR lost sleep deciding who would lead the fight against Germany.

Once he made his decision, it was Dwight Eisenhower who lost sleep—planning the greatest invasion in history.

by Brian John Murphy

IKE TAKES COMMAND

by Brian John Murphy

No one recorded whether Dwight Eisenhower wore his famous grin or appeared somber and reflective as he looked through the window of his plane at the US coast coming into view below on New Year's Day 1944. Ike was on the way home for a brief rest. After that, he would assume the greatest burden of any American general in the Second World War: the command of all Allied forces in the war against Nazi Germany.

The ground below was greener and more inviting than North Africa, where Eisenhower had commanded Operation Torch, the first American landings on German held territory, in November 1942. German Field Marshal Erwin Rommel and his *Afrika Korps* had dealt the Americans an embarrassing setback in Tunisia's Kasserine Pass in February 1943. After that, however, the Yanks began to learn tactical lessons from the brilliant success of General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery's British Eighth Army, which had driven Rommel from Egypt to Tunisia. Ike's Americans rallied in time to contribute to the final destruction of the *Afrika Korps*, becoming professional war-fighters along the way.

Eisenhower moved on to command the Allied invasion of Sicily in the summer of 1943 and the near-disastrous invasion of Italy itself at Salerno that September. He retained command during the hard and bloody northward slog on the Italian peninsula, with the Germans fiercely defending every inch of ground.

Although the British liked Ike, they weren't impressed with his qualifications for supreme command. He had seen no action in World War I and had never commanded a combat formation of any size, even in peacetime. He was, however, a former student at the US Command and Staff College and had been a successful commander in the massive war games conducted in Louisiana in 1940. He was, by all accounts, the ultimate staff officer—a meticulous organizer and facilitator who always got the job done.

Whether or not the British cared to admit it, Eisenhower had commanded firmly and methodically from North Africa to Italy. He was creative enough to adapt battle plans and strategies to the realities on the ground, and flexible and charmingly diplomatic enough to maintain cordial cooperation among the Allies. Though very loyal to his subordinates, he didn't restrain himself from booting officers who didn't know their business. And when disputes arose between his subordinates and their British Army counterparts, he used his powers of diplomacy to get both sides working as a team, using his famous grin to good effect. After US success in Sicily and at Salerno, British officers stopped sneeringly referring to the Americans as "our Italians." Under Eisenhower, the Yanks had proven themselves to be tough fighters.

Now, as 1944 began, Eisenhower faced the greatest challenge of his military career, in fact the greatest challenge faced by any US Army officer since Ulysses S. Grant marched south against Robert E. Lee exactly 80 years earlier. As supreme commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force (SCAEF) for the invasion of Europe, Eisenhower would direct Operation Overlord—the breaching of Adolf Hitler's coastal defenses in Western Europe (the fearsome Atlantic Wall)—and the subsequent liberation of German held Northern Europe.

ALL PHOTOS THIS STORY: NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Picking a Winning General

Eisenhower's appointment as SCAEF wasn't automatic, nor had he been the first choice. The British had agreed that an American officer should assume supreme command in Europe and left the question of who it would be to President Franklin D. Roosevelt. During 1942 and 1943, Allied brass expected FDR to choose US Army Chief of Staff George C. Marshall for the job. Like Eisenhower, Marshall had never commanded troops in combat, but his brilliance as chief of staff was admired among the Western Allied leadership.

A graduate of the Virginia Military Academy, Marshall had the ramrod stiff backbone of a soldier and an equally inflexible understanding of what constituted appropriate behavior for an officer. He believed that coming right out and asking for a top command like SCAEF was unacceptable and beneath his dignity. When Roosevelt opened discussions about who should command Overlord, he hoped Marshall would ask for the job, or at least offer to make the appointment, taking the decision out of his own

Previous spread: In London on January 18, 1944, General Dwight Eisenhower mans his desk as supreme commander, Allied Expeditionary Force (SCAEF). He will command Operation Overlord, the massive invasion of France and Northern Europe. Above: President Franklin Roosevelt and Ike share a jeep in Castelvetrano, Sicily, on December 8, 1943, a day after FDR gave Eisenhower the job. Opposite: Many obstacles stood in Ike's way—including the Atlantic Wall, Germany's sprawling defenses on France's coast. Here, Field Marshal Erwin Rommel inspects the wall in 1943.

hands. Instead, Marshall made it clear that the selection of the SCAEF was the president's exclusive option.

Marshall was eager to assume the command. There was talk of him getting the nod and Eisenhower being promoted to fill the vacancy at army chief of staff. This, however, would place Eisenhower in the awkward position of giving orders to two men he had once answered to as a staff officer, Marshall and General Douglas MacArthur. Some suggested making Marshall SCAEF *and* retaining him as chief of staff, but it was clear that both were full-time jobs, and the idea withered on the vine.

In the end, Roosevelt hesitated to give Marshall the job. In Cairo for a round of conferences related to the just-completed Tehran Conference of the Big Three (Roosevelt, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, and Soviet General Secretary Joseph Stalin), Roosevelt broke the news to him on December 6, 1943. "I didn't feel that I could sleep at ease with you out of Washington," FDR told him.

The next day found Eisenhower and Roosevelt together in a limousine, riding toward the president's lodgings in Tunisia. Roosevelt came up with an interesting conversation opener: "Well, Ike, you are going to command Overlord."

Eisenhower flew home to the States for a break before assuming his weighty new command. Only a few officers met his plane in Washington. There was no fanfare, because Ike's appointment to command the invasion of Europe had not yet been made public. His visit was a private furlough. He met with his wife, Mamie, and together they took a train through a heavy snowstorm to visit their son John, a cadet at West Point. Then the Eisenhowers flew west for a reunion in Kansas with Ike's mother, Ida, and brothers Milton and Edgar.

Mamie noted changes in her husband's appearance and personality. "Physically, he was older...," wrote David Eisenhower in his 1986 biography of his grandfather, *Eisenhower at War 1943–1945*. "What was left of his blond hair was turning gray; he had thickened around the waist...and his voice was deeper. In private Eisenhower seemed somber and hard to approach."

Monty Moves Up

WHILE EISENHOWER WAS ON FURLOUGH in the States, over in England Bernard "Monty" Montgomery quietly assumed command of the 21st Army Group, the Overlord invasion force, which included the British and Canadian landing forces and the US First Army, newly under Lieutenant General Omar Bradley. In early January Montgomery went on an inspection and morale-building tour of the First Army's encampments, giving pep talks to groups of as many as 5,000 soldiers at a time.

Monty wasn't exactly a favorite of American officers, but he was widely respected in the British Army. He had always been a fighting officer. In 1914 he fought in the Great War at Mons and at Méteren, where he was shot through a lung and a knee. He returned to duty in 1915. After the war he served in various commands in Britain and India and wrote the British army infantry training manual in 1929. He was promoted to major general in 1938.

In 1940 Montgomery commanded 3 Division, opposing the German blitzkrieg of the Low Countries and France. In the lost Battle of Dunkirk, France, he skillfully withdrew his command to the beachhead for evacuation while simultaneously covering the British left flank, left open by the surrender of the Belgian army. He steadied the line and got his division off the beach with minimal casualties

Monty's true fame began with the Second Battle of El Alamein in Egypt, October 23–November 11, 1942. Montgomery meticulously gathered forces and supplies to launch an overwhelming offensive that stopped Rommel's advance into Egypt cold and started the Germans on their long retreat to Tunisia

In Operation Overlord, Montgomery would be in tactical command of all land forces for the amphibious invasion of Normandy, France, codenamed Operation Neptune. On January 4 he met in London with D-Day planners led by the invasion's logistical architect, British Lieutenant General Frederick E. Morgan, whose title was chief of staff, supreme Allied commander (designate), or COSSAC. Monty asked for a new plan that included landings on the Cotentin Peninsula (the future Utah Beach) and that widened the other invasion beaches—Omaha, Gold, Juno, and Sword—so five divisions could land on a 50-mile front on D-Day. Montgomery feared that Morgan's initially narrower front would become too congested to land supplies and troops in the numbers needed.

Germany Readies for the Inevitable

THE NEW YEAR SAW COMMAND CHANGES for the Germans, too. Hitler, who had placed himself in direct charge of the war down to the lowest level of micromanagement, appointed *Afrika Korps* hero Rommel to command newly created Army Group B, which would defend the Atlantic Wall from Brittany to the Netherlands against the expected Allied invasion. Rommel assumed his new post on January 15. He didn't have full command of his available resources, however. On Hitler's order, all German panzer (tank) units in Northern France would be under the separate command

of General Leo Geyr von Schweppenburg. Hitler reserved for himself the right to commit any or all of von Schweppenburg's panzers to battle. This virtually guaranteed that any armored German counterattack on the landing beaches would be delayed. (Exacerbating the situation, on February 28, 1944, Hitler would cancel the deployment in Normandy of two armored divisions—the 21st Panzer and Panzer Lehr Divisions—reserving them for the planned occupation of Hungary.)

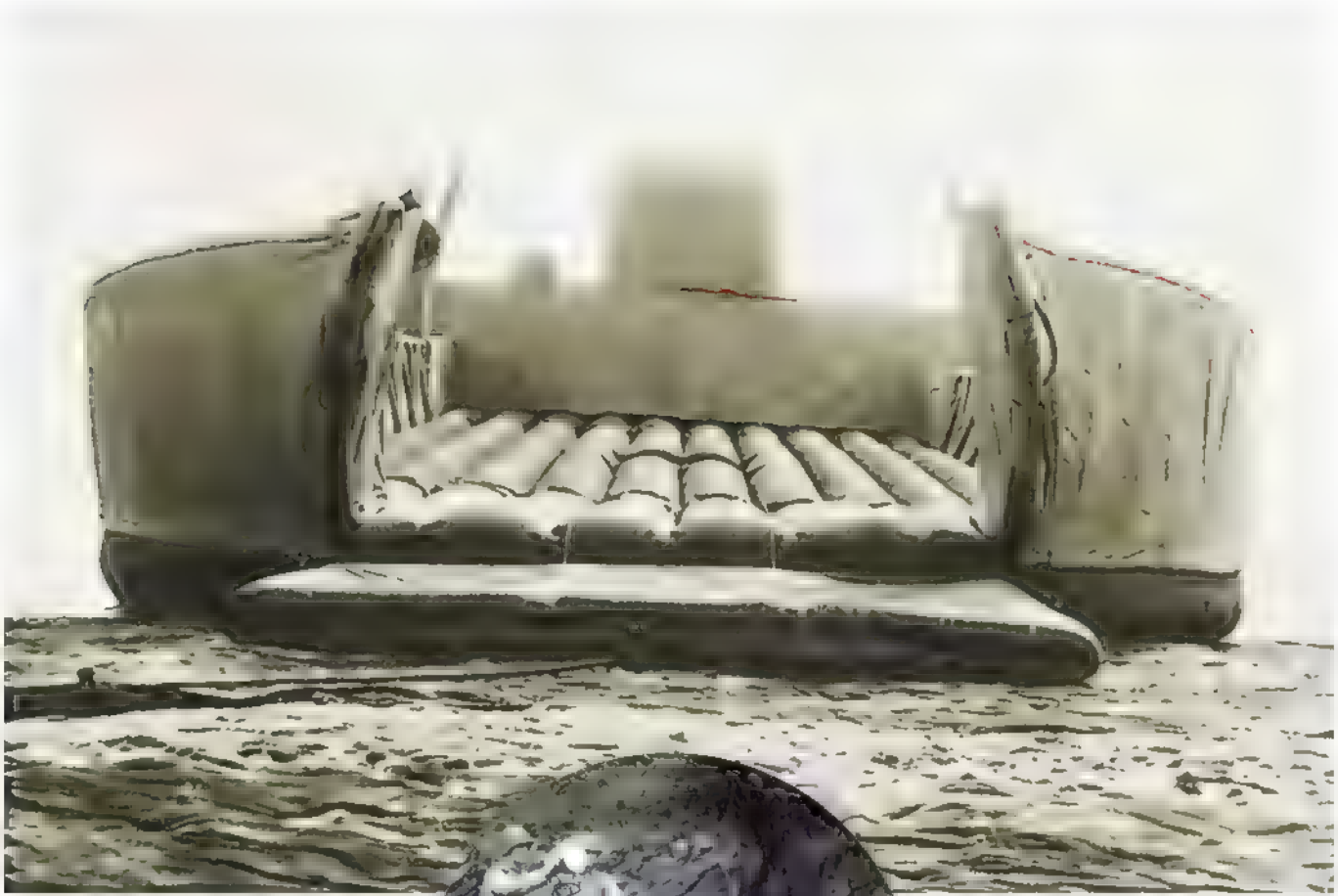
ROMMEL LOOKED TO HIS DEFENSES. If the Allies were to be stopped, he believed, they would have to be checkmated on the beaches and thrown back into the English Channel on the first day. Rommel prepared accordingly.

The Germans poured thousands of tons of concrete into new artillery and machine-gun emplacements. The artillery included enormous guns that seemed better suited to battleships than bunkers. Scores of fortifications were removed from the French-built Maginot Line, along France's border with Germany, and from its German built counterpart, the Siegfried Line, for use in the Atlantic Wall.

Even after all this, Rommel saw gaps in the wall, gaps through which a wily general like Montgomery could sneak an army. He ordered more fortifications, more beach obstacles, more land mines. Steel beam beach obstacles were placed so that they were invisible to approaching landing craft at high tide. The beams could rip the bottom out of a Higgins boat or blow it sky high if the obstacle was fitted with a disk-shaped *Teller* (literally "plate") anti tank mine. Four million landmines were laid on the beaches, on the beach exits, in the roads leading inland, and in empty fields and narrow trails in the hedgerow country beyond. Rommel planned to lay 100 million mines, but would run out of time before the invasion began.

The area just inland from the landing beaches was studded with pillboxes and other emplacements sheltering heavy machine guns, 81mm mortars, and the soon-to-be-infamous 88mm anti-tank guns. Rommel flooded fields to drown paratroopers and glider troops who landed behind the beaches. Wherever gliders were likely to land, he erected poles—dubbed "Rommel's asparagus"—to gut the powerless aircraft as they came in. Reaching back to Great War methods, Rommel had his men dig trenches and field

Above: Ike initiated history's biggest dress rehearsal. These GIs are exiting an LCI (landing craft, infantry) to "invade" Slapton Sands at Devon, England, in January 1944. Opposite, top: A flood of invention gave Ike new weapons and technology to work with. It also gave him fake weapons and technology like this inflatable landing craft, made to trick German intelligence-gatherers. Opposite, center: On England's coast, a beachmaster (with walkie-talkie) and his men practice coordinating a landing, complete with foxholes, signal lights, and semaphore.



fortifications just behind the beaches Everybody would man the defenses When the Allied assault came, cooks and bakers, engineers, drivers, and, of course, infantrymen, were to grab their Mauser K98k rifles and fight.

Rommel thought there was a strong possibility the Allied landing would strike the Atlantic Wall in Normandy. But the place he considered most likely to see an invasion was the mouth of the River Somme, on the English Channel coast between LeHavre and Calais, so he concentrated his defenses there. He guessed wrong.

Ike and His Americans Deploy

EISENHOWER RETURNED TO LONDON on January 13 and set to work at Norfolk House at 31 Saint James's Square, home of the Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces (SHAEF). He would divide his time between Norfolk House and a personal office at 20 Grosvenor Square.

Operation Bolero—the buildup in Britain of American troops and equipment for Overlord—continued relentlessly, without interference from Hitler's navy. The U boat threat had been defeated the previous May and June as new Allied technology and tactics wreaked havoc on the submarines. The sea lanes were much safer now for shipping troops from American ports to the British Isles, and on January 11, the 4th Armored Division arrived from Boston. The 4th Infantry Division arrived on January 26. Over the preceding year the 101st Airborne Division, the 2nd Armored Division, and the 1st, 2nd, 5th, 8th, 9th, and 28th Infantry Divisions had stepped ashore in Great Britain. The 29th Infantry Division had been there since October 1942.

By the end of January 1944 there would be just under a million US troops in England with 3.6 million tons of arms and supplies. The United States would double those totals in the next three months. Some Britons joked that their island was getting top heavy and might capsize. Americans were everywhere, leaving lasting marks on the culture, as Britain left lasting impressions on them.

The Yanks were generally well accepted by the British. Many were billeted in private homes and became second sons to their hosts. They also swarmed into USO and Red Cross canteens and recreation centers, providing a much appreciated infusion of young manhood at social events. The women of Britain were pleased, even overwhelmed, by the sharply uniformed and comparatively wealthy and romantic Americans. British men com-

plained the Americans were "overpaid, oversexed, and over here!" The Americans retorted that British servicemen were "underpaid, underfed, and under Eisenhower."

For one American soldier—Lieutenant General George Patton, who had made newspaper headlines for slapping two hospitalized combat fatigued enlisted men in Sicily in 1943—arrival in England on January 11 represented the end of exile. Eisenhower had removed him from command of the Seventh Army and given him what amounted to public relations and errand boy duties. Now Patton was to command the US Third Army. But first he was detailed to "command" the First US Army Group (FUSAG), an entirely fictional formation whose purpose was to fool the Germans into thinking the Allies were aiming their invasion at the Pas de Calais, the nearest point between France and Great Britain. Patton threw himself into the FUSAG deception—Operation Fortitude—with gusto, allowing himself be sighted all over eastern England.

commander in chief of the Germany navy. Ten U boats would leave the French coast for Norway on February 16.

Ike Sets D-Day Preparations in Motion

EISENHOWER TENTATIVELY SET May 31, 1944, as D-Day for the Normandy Invasion. The official invasion order from the Combined Chiefs of Staff in Washington came on February 9:

You will enter the continent of Europe and, in conjunction with the other United Nations, undertake operations aimed at the heart of Germany and the destruction of her armed forces. The date for entering the Continent is the month of May, 1944. After adequate Channel Ports have been secured, exploitation will be directed towards securing an area that will facilitate both ground and air operations against the enemy.

By the time the order arrived, Ike and his planners and logisticians were already hard at work, planning and executing the

Meanwhile FUSAG "headquarters" generated volumes of radio traffic, indicating to the eavesdropping Germans that the army group was an enormous formation of tanks and troops. To aid in the deception, hundreds of specially made inflatable tanks and trucks were left in plain sight for German recon flights to spot. This and a myriad other illusions and deceptions firmly convinced the Germans the invasion would come at Calais

ANOTHER DECEPTION SCAM, Operation Fortitude North, concentrated dummy formations in Northern England and Scotland to trick the Germans into thinking the Allies also meant to invade Norway. Hitler took the bait and ordered U-boats to leave French waters and enter the North Sea to protect Norway, much to the chagrin of Grand Admiral Karl Donitz,

many elements required to make the fast-approaching Overlord assault successful. On January 23, he signaled the Combined Chiefs of Staff that he needed many more landing craft. He requested 47 LSTs (landing ships, tank), 144 LCTs (landing crafts, tank), 72 LCI(L)s (landing crafts, infantry, large), 24 additional destroyers, and 5 cruisers.

Other vehicles for the invasion would be less conventional. British Major General Sir Percy Hobart, an innovator who adapted Allied tanks for specialized missions such as mine-detonation on beaches, had asked Eisenhower on January 28 for stepped-up production of duplex drive Shermans. These DD tanks operated on land but had two boat screws so they could swim on the sea. Hobart had asked for 900 DD Shermans from England, but British industry was overstretched, a predicament worsened by

Above, left: GIs who have just arrived by ship in January 1944 board a train at Liverpool's Princes Dock. Above, right: Aboard one such train, GIs feast on Red Cross donuts and coffee. Opposite: The Overlord buildup put Ike in charge of nearly a million Americans in Britain. Not all his troops were Yanks, though. Part of his SCAEF role was to work with Britain's challenging General Bernard Montgomery (in beret), seen here with Eisenhower and 3rd Armored Division commander Major General Leroy Watson during a February 1944 visit to Watson's division.

factors like the German *Luftwaffe*'s renewal of nighttime bombing over London and elsewhere in England that started in January and continued into May. American factories would deliver all 900 DDs to Hobart by the end of May.

Not all the attention went to machinery. People had to be prepared for the invasion, too. On January 27, SHAEF promised French Resistance groups a stepped up supply of arms and explosives. At invasion time, the Resistance would use the munitions to destroy transportation targets behind German lines. Three US bomber squadrons were assigned to deliver the weaponry.

ALLIED MILITARY PERSONNEL PRACTICED the roles they would play on D-Day. The first major amphibious assault exercise for Operation Neptune was conducted in January at Slapton Sands, a beach in Devon, southern England, that was deemed very similar to Normandy's shores. A convoy of landing craft escorted by four Royal Navy destroyers brought in some 16,000 US troops from Cornwall and Devon. The men landed without incident. (An exercise in late April would leave more than 900 men dead as a result of friendly fire and an ambush by German fast attack craft known as E boats.)

In the run-up to D-Day, the Allies' military engineers had many moments of glory. One came on Leap Year Day, February 29, when models of artificial harbors known as Mulberries were shown to the British chiefs of staff. Developed by the Royal Navy, the Mulberries were built to be moved and set up where no harbor existed. Four hundred sections weighing a total of 1.5 million tons would be used to construct the harbors. Towed across the English Channel, the sections would be connected offshore and their concrete bases flooded, fixing them in position. There would be two Mulberry harbors, one off the Americans' Omaha beach and the other at Arromanches, off the British Commonwealth landing zones. Planners expected that each Mulberry could process the unloading of 7,000 tons of supplies a day. The main wild card in the Mulberry deployment would be the weather.

Under Eisenhower's overall direction, all aspects of what he was to call the Great Crusade were developing according to plan. Whether that plan would survive contact with the enemy remained to be seen. The Allies wouldn't have to wait long for that verdict. Only a few months remained before D-Day. ★

BRIAN JOHN MURPHY *of Fairfield, Connecticut, is a contributing editor of* America in WWII. *Part 2 of his three-part Countdown to D-Day series will appear in our next issue, April 2014.*

WELCOME TO ANZIO!

The 45th Infantry Division landed at the Italian resort town ready to march up the road and capture Rome.

But the German army persuaded the visitors to stay a while.

by Flint Whitlock

WELCOME TO ANZIO!

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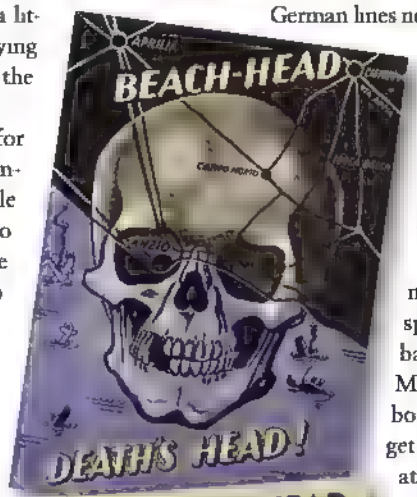
KENNETH KINDIG DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM. Just moments before, the 33-year-old technical sergeant and ex-farmer from Julesburg, Colorado, had been sitting up in his muddy foxhole, taking a break from combat and snacking on a C-ration can of cheese and crackers. The next thing he remembered was that he was still sitting up, but the can was running over with blood. His blood.

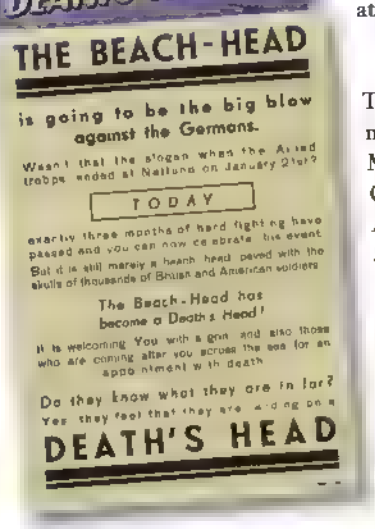
"I got hit in the head with a piece of shrapnel," he said. "I didn't even hear the round go off—they say you don't hear the one that gets you. A piece of shrapnel went through the front of my helmet and lodged in the back, between the steel helmet and the helmet liner. I guess it knocked me out for a little bit.... I had my brand new sniper rifle laying across in front of me. The shell also blew the stock and telescopic sight off my rifle.

"Somebody in the next foxhole hollered for a medic and a medic ran over and put a compress on my head and put me in a foxhole near the company CP [command post] to wait until dark. We couldn't move in the daytime, so they had to wait until dark to get me back to a hospital ship."

The Germans probably weren't specifically targeting Kindig with their artillery, but the possibility can't be dismissed; he had already picked off 25 of their number with his sniper rifle, prompting medic Robert "Doc Joe" Franklin to call him "a one-man army."

Kindig was a member of Company I, 3rd Battalion, 157th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division. Nicknamed the Thunderbirds for the Native American symbol that graced the mens' sleeve patch, the division consisted of the Colorado and Oklahoma National Guard, which included more than 3,000 Native Americans. Now, on February 18, 1944, the Thunderbirds were spread out along the hottest portion of what at the moment was the deadliest piece of real estate in the world: Anzio, a harbor-town turned-battlefield nearly halfway up Italy's western coast.





Company I was dug in, guarding what was arguably the most critical spot on the entire Anzio front: an elevated roadway that the British called the Flyover and that the Americans called the Overpass. The only hard-surface road that led south from the German lines near Carroceto through the town of Aprilia was a two-lane road known as the Via Anziate, which ran beneath the Overpass and directly toward the harbor farther south. The open fields beyond the Overpass were a swampy bog. So, for the Germans' tanks and wheeled vehicles, the Via Anziate was the only viable path to the Allied beachhead. That made the Overpass a crucial gateway.

Colonel General Eberhard von Mackensen, commanding the German 14th Army, was desperate to split the Allied beachhead and throw the invaders back into the sea. Both Adolf Hitler and Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, Mackensen's immediate boss, demanded it. The only way he could think of to get the job done was to break through the Allied lines at the Overpass with a massive assault.

The Allies Get Stuck Near the Beach

THE ALLIES, FOR THEIR PART, had been stalled for a month. On January 22, 1944, 54-year-old American Major General John P. Lucas, commander of the VI Corps, had brought a combined British and American force to Anzio by sea in Operation Shingle. A brilliant flanking movement dreamed up by British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, Shingle was supposed to break a costly impasse 100 miles to the south at Cassino, where Allied forces were stymied by the Germans' so-called Gustav Line. Instead, Shingle turned into another bloody stalemate.

Lucas had arrived at Anzio with American units that included the 3rd Infantry Division; the

ALL PHOTOS IN THIS STORY NATIONAL ARCHIVES, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

LEFT: LEE RICHARDS, WWW.WWIIWAR.ORG; TOP: COURTESY OF THE RANKIN COLLECTION

Previous spread: Fatally bombed by an Axis plane, the *LCI-20* (a landing craft, infantry) smokes as US VI Corps troops wade ashore at Anzio, on Italy's western coast. It is January 22, 1944. Overall resistance to the invasion was minimal at first, but that would change swiftly. When the German backlash came, the US 45th Infantry "Thunderbird" Division would bear the brunt of it. Top: The 45th wore a Native American insignia. This example was made in Europe during the war. Above: Enemy propaganda warned of sharper fighting to come.

82nd Airborne's 504th Parachute Infantry Regiment; Colonel William O. Darby's 1st, 3rd, and 4th Ranger Battalions of the 6615th Ranger Force; the 509th Parachute Infantry Battalion, serving with Darby's Rangers; plus numerous supporting units. British units under Lucas's control were the 1st Infantry Division and the No. 9 and No. 43 Commando Battalions of the 2nd Special Service Brigade.

The initial landings caught the Germans by surprise. Units waded ashore virtually unopposed and staked out positions a mile or two inland. Churchill expected the VI Corps to advance on Rome, 40 miles away, frightening the Germans and forcing them to abandon their defenses along the Gustav Line. Hitler's troops would retreat to the north, he imagined, perhaps abandoning Italy altogether.

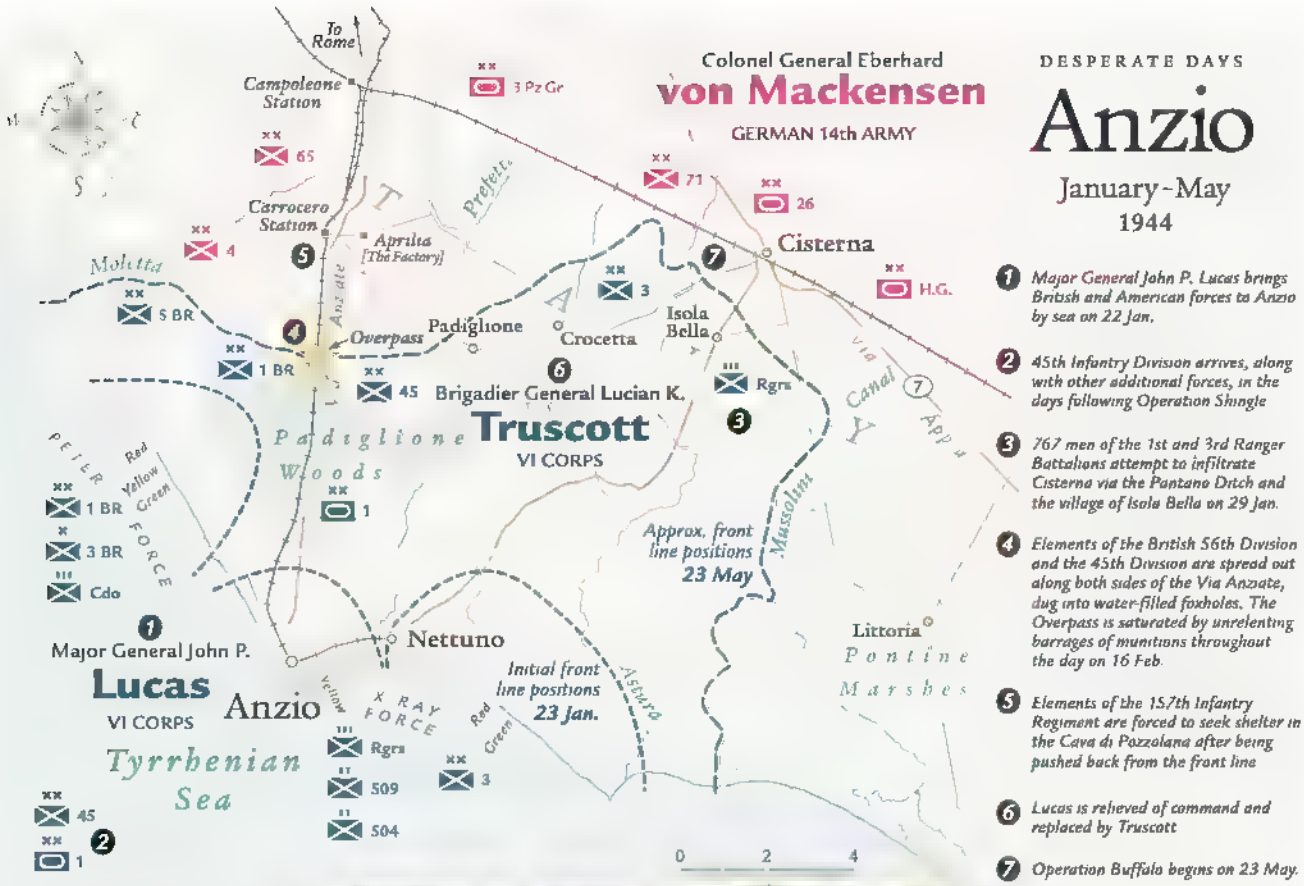
Additional forces joined Lucas over the next few days as the transport ships returned to Naples to load up with more men and equipment. Fresh American forces included Major General William Eagles's 45th Infantry Division (comprising the 157th, 179th, and 180th Infantry Regiments) and Combat Command A of the 1st Armored Division. Additional British units included the 56th Infantry Division; the 24th Guards Brigade, including Grenadier Guards, Irish Guards, and Scots Guards battalions; the Duke of Wellington's Regiment; the King's Shropshire Light Infantry; the 6th Gordon Highlanders; and more.

Despite this growing force, Lucas held back. He was reluctant to try punching through the thin German defense around Anzio and then dashing full-speed to Rome. Such a drive would be spectacular, but he feared it would create a salient—a vulnerable bulge in his line—that could lead to destruction. Lieutenant General Mark Clark, the US Fifth Army's commander, had advised Lucas to "not stick his neck out," and Lucas took the admonition to heart. Before thrusting inland, he would build up his forces and supplies close to the water's edge.

Although privately pessimistic about his chances for success, Lucas did order an aggressive maneuver. A week after the landings,

INSET PHOTOS, RIGHT: COURTESY OF FLINT WHITLOCK

Top: Anzio's beach seen from a GI's perspective. The invasion, Operation Shingle, put the mixed US and British VI Corps behind stubborn German lines that had stalled an Allied advance in Italy. Shingle was supposed to change everything. Instead, it, too, stalled out. February brought fierce German counterattacks. Above, center: Thunderbird medic Robert "Doc Joe" Franklin dealt with the human toll. Above, bottom: Among the 45th Division men he aided was Technical Sergeant Kenneth Kindig, a sniper whom Franklin called "a one-man army."



DREAMLINE CARTOGRAPHY/DAVID DEIS

Field Marshal Albert Kesselring (above, left) pressed the German 14th Army head, Colonel General Eberhard von Mackensen (above, right), to drive the Allies at Anzio into the sea.

he sent two of Darby's Ranger battalions sneaking into Cisterna, about 16 miles inland, late on the night of January 29–30 to take the town and hold it until a regiment of Major General Lucian Truscott's 3rd Infantry Division arrived. If successful, the move would allow for a more substantial thrust into German-held territory

Instead, the move was a disaster. The 767 men of the 1st and 3rd Ranger Battalions attempted to infiltrate Cisterna via the Pantano Ditch and the village of Isola Bella, but got lost in the dark. Then radio communications went out. Worse, the Rangers were spotted and ambushed. The fighting was hand to hand. In the end the Rangers were virtually wiped out by an overwhelmingly superior force. Only six returned to Allied lines. The rest were either killed or captured. When Darby learned of his men's fate, he put his head down and wept.

This setback further convinced Lucas to stay put and build up his forces. (By April, the Allies would have more than 100,000 men on the ground, while the Germans would have more than 140,000.) As a result, the Germans had time to set up a defensive ring around the port cities of Anzio and Nettuno and hold back any attempts at a breakout. Then, on the cold, rainy night of February 3–4, the reinforced German host hit the British and Americans hard. The Luftwaffe joined big German guns in the hills above Anzio in bombarding the tightly packed Allied beachhead around the clock. The Americans and British struck back with land and naval artillery and aerial attacks of their own

A Place of Misery

ANZIO WAS A TERRIBLE PLACE to fight a battle. To the west, the landscape was carved by rivers, streambeds, gullies, and ravines. To the east, malarial swamps—which Italian dictator Benito Mussolini had tried to eliminate by building a large drainage canal—festered. In between was a forest known as the Padiglione Woods. The towns were surrounded by fields that turned into bogs when winter's rains came, restricting tanks and other military vehicles to the roadways. Men trying to dig foxholes hit water a few inches below the ground's surface.

Reminders of death seemed to permeate the area. There was a town known as Campo Morto ("Dead Field"), another named Femmina Morta ("Dead Woman"), and still another called Cavallo

WELCOME TO ANZIO! by Flint Whitlock

Morto ("Dead Horse"). It was eerily fitting for an area that offered so few places to hide from direct observation by German gunners.

Two of the most feared German weapons at Anzio were giant Krupp-manufactured guns mounted on railroad carriages. The Germans called them Leopold and Robert, but the Allies dubbed them Anzio Annie and the Anzio Express (the latter because its 283mm, 600-pound shells sounded like a runaway train roaring through the sky). The guns, whose barrels measured almost 70 feet long, had a range of more than 30 miles. They were hidden in railroad tunnels in the Alban Hills, rolled out to fire a few rounds, then rolled back out of sight before Allied aircraft could find them.

When one of the huge shells streaked overhead, recalled one of the American veterans, "It felt like it was going to suck you out of your foxhole." Luckily for those on the receiving end, the shells were wildly inaccurate and rarely hit anything of value. But the psychological effect was enough to strike fear into everyone's heart. Other German gunnery was more accurate—disturbingly so. Even clearly marked hospital tents were not spared, and doctors, nurses, and their patients were killed.

Pitched battles across the muddy fields went on without pause, and the small towns that dotted the area changed hands frequently. The small town of Aprilia, dubbed "the Factory" by the British because its modern, squarish architecture resembled an industrial complex, was one of the main focal points for the combat. Weeks of desperate fighting, some hand-to-hand, reduced it to shambles. But the Germans' biggest, most determined assault was still to come—at the Overpass, beginning on February 16.

The Germans Make Their Move

THE SCENE IN MACKENSEN'S COMMAND POST was one of weary satisfaction. Two weeks of sacrifice and hard fighting appeared ready to pay off with grand dividends. Reports poured in that indicated the Allied lines were breaking and the enemy was being beaten back. Now the final blow had to be struck, splitting the Allies once and for all and winning back the beachhead. Everything had to be thrown into the widening breach, and the full force of the wedge had to fall on the thin defensive line at the Overpass. Spread out in front of that raised roadway and along both sides of the Via Anziate were elements of the British 56th Division and the US 45th Infantry Division, dug into water-filled foxholes

Dawn on February 16 arrived with rain and fog, and the soaked, freezing men grumbled bitterly about their misery. But things were about to get a lot worse. Suddenly the horizon north of Aprilia lit up with flashes. Then came the delayed sound of hundreds of artillery pieces firing, followed by the screaming of onrushing shells, and finally the crash of munitions bursting all around the dug-in soldiers. The Overpass was saturated by unrelenting barrages, one of which lasted three hours

THROUGH THE RAIN AND FOG and smoke of the bombardment, ghostly forms began moving. An American artillery spotter in a Piper Cub flying above the battlefield reported seeing an estimated 2,500 German infantrymen and numerous panzers (tanks) on the move from Carroceto down the Via Anziate. The spotter called in fire from 224 British and American guns

Accompanied by road-bound tanks, Mackensen's infantry were running and stumbling across the muddy fields toward the Overpass. They hit Companies I, L, and M of the 157th and the 1st Battalion of the British Loyals (North Lancashire) Regiment with startling fury. The Yanks and British fought back, unleashing a tremendous fusillade. The attackers fell hard, toppling face-first into the muck. Allied artillery tore into the advancing ranks, too, and the screams of men who were sliced open or ripped apart by the cascade of steel and lead carried above the din of the weapons.

The Germans kept coming. A few of them reached the foxholes. Jumping in, they battled with knives, bayonets, and bare hands like crazed men until they were shot, stabbed, or clubbed to death.

The agony wasn't over. Two hours later, another wave of flesh and steel started across the corpse-covered fields toward the Allied defenders at the Overpass. This assault, too, was riddled by bullets and shells.

Platoon sergeant Jack McMillion of the 157th Infantry's

The area between Mackensen's lines and the Allied beachhead was a marsh, impassable to tanks and other vehicles—except for the paved Via Anziate. But the Via Anziate threaded its way through the Overpass (above), guarded by the Thunderbirds and British troops.

WELCOME TO ANZIO! by Flint Whitlock

Company L recalled that his unit was caught between charging panzers in front and American tank destroyers behind, both blasting away. "We infantry were hugging the mud," he said. "You'd stick your head up and they'd shoot at you. It was so miserable you wouldn't believe it."

Don Amzibel of McMillion's platoon commented, "The shelling was awful. Tanks fired a few feet over our heads trying to knock the Overpass out of commission. Every time a mortar shell landed near us, we were buried in dirt and mud."

The battle lasted all day. Hubert Berry, with the 157th's Company I, said, "The Germans got 75 or 100 yards away. It was about sundown and we opened up on 'em. I saw several of them

fall. Several people around me got killed. Later that night, we got word [the Germans] wanted us to hold our fire while they removed their dead."

Cave Sanctuaries Become Traps

WHILE THE ASSAULT ON THE OVERPASS paused briefly, the Germans continued throwing troops and tanks against another hot spot: the Cava di Pozzolana. In this series of caves, members of the 157th Infantry Regiment's 2nd Battalion, along with parts of several companies from the regiment and a medical aid station, had been forced to seek shelter, pushed back from their lines by the Germans. Italian civilians were also hiding inside.

AT DUSK ON FEBRUARY 18, the Germans attempted to dislodge the Americans from the caves. Concentrated artillery fire stopped them. Scores of dead Germans—and parts of Germans—covered the ground in front of the caves. Henry Kaufman of the 157th's Company H later recounted, "On the 18th, we were attacked by the enemy, in very close hand-to-hand combat, with fixed bayonets, right outside the entrance to our cave.... We somehow managed to kill several Germans outside the cave; in the ensuing battles, we captured an entire German machine-gun nest consisting of three Germans and their machine gun. We brought the Germans and their machine gun into the cave and kept them there as our prisoners of war."

Pete Conde, a member of the 157th's anti-tank company at the caves, remembered seeing "this German doctor in there who also had been captured. The German doctors had pistols and wore them all the time—nobody took his away from him. He was taking care of the German wounded."

The assaults were unrelenting. Sergeant Al Bedard of Headquarters Company in the 157th's 2nd Battalion, noted, "The Germans attacked us night after night with one outfit after another, and we broke up their attacks for at least seven days.... They

had us surrounded and we couldn't get out, but we kept breaking up the center of their attack every time they tried to hit us."

Finally, after repeated assaults, the Germans forced the Americans out of the caves. In one 200-man company holed up there, only two men made it back to friendly lines. The rest were either dead or prisoners

A Stubborn Defense at the Overpass

AS THE GERMANS CONTINUED THEIR SERIES of attacks at the Overpass, sniper Kenneth Kindig was proving his proficient marksmanship. "We had barbed wire out there and the Germans were trying to get over it and under it and around it," he recalled. "I was on the outskirts with that sniper rifle and they were coming up through some drainage ditches at us. I picked them off before they could get around us." Shortly after that, an artillery shell exploded and knocked him out of the battle.

Bernard Fleming, another 157th soldier at the Overpass, recalled the emotions of combat: "Before a firefight, you're nervous, but during it, you're so busy you're not even thinking about it. Two minutes seems like 12 hours—you think it will never stop. After it's over, you're nervous again. You look around to see who's left, who got hit. It's unreal—like watching yourself in a movie.

Above, left: GIs take shelter in the Mussolini Canal during fighting in the marsh. The canal took its name from its builder, Benito Mussolini. Above, right: Platoon Sergeant Van Barfoot served in the same company as Kenneth Kindig, but distinguished himself in a different part of the battle—the May breakout. In one day, he committed so many heroic acts that he was awarded the Medal of Honor. He wears it here.

Nobody can really describe it."

The Americans and British at the Overpass remained dug in there for three days, absorbing everything the Germans could throw at them, but suffering heavy losses. "When our platoon went in," Sergeant McMillion said, "we were practically at full strength, maybe 38 in our platoon. When we got relieved and pulled out, there were only 10 of us still walking."

Along other parts of the line, the 45th Division's 179th and 180th Regiments were also continually pummeled, but they gave as good as they got. It made a difference. Few histories give these Thunderbird regiments proper credit, but it was the 45th Division's refusal to yield at the Overpass that saved the Anzio beachhead.

Battle Fatigue Creates a Lull

NEITHER SIDE COULD SUSTAIN such intense combat indefinitely. German attempts to crack through the Allied defensive line slowly petered out, like a boxer too tired to throw the decisive punch. Both sides reverted to bombing and shelling the other intermittently. With neither side capable of defeating the other, an uneasy lull settled over the area on February 24, interrupted periodically by desultory artillery exchanges

The stalemate pleased no one. Hitler was angry with Kesselring, and Kesselring was furious with Mackensen. Likewise, Churchill was angry with Lucas, thundering, "I had hoped we were hurling a wildcat into the shore but all we got was a stranded whale." Lucas was relieved of command and replaced by Truscott.

As the fighting died down, there was no sense of victory in the Allied line, no cheering, no exultation—only a weariness, a feeling of relief within each man who had survived that he was alive just to do it all over again. Indeed, the collective thought was that the Germans would soon come again in nearly overwhelming numbers, in seemingly endless waves of fanatical troops who would throw down their lives for their Fuhrer and their Fatherland.

BILL ROLEN OF COMPANY I, in the 45th Division's 180th Infantry Regiment, recalled a nightmarish incident. He was with a group of soldiers on a night patrol in no-man's land (between enemy lines) when the men came under mortar fire. It was a moonless night, and Rolen jumped into what looked like a big, dark hole in the ground. It turned out to be the maggoty, rotting carcass of a cow or horse. "I jumped right out of that thing," he said. "I was in terrible shape. I can laugh about it now, but it wasn't so funny then."

The Thunderbirds Break Out

THE SITUATION REMAINED BASICALLY UNCHANGED until the end of May, when two new operations commenced: Diadem, which began a breakout on the Cassino front on May 11, 1944, and

A MOMENT OF SILENCE

Artillery was blasting and shells were flying as German and Allied soldiers fought at Anzio in early 1944. Private Leo Daniel decided on the spot to get baptized. Hastened by the life-or-death nature of the circumstances, William King, a Baptist minister and chaplain of the 45th Infantry "Thunderbird" Division who was better known as the Cowboy Preacher, wasted no time in positioning Daniel in the Tyrrhenian Sea. As King dunked his fellow Thunderbird, so the story goes, the guns went quiet. There was no time to celebrate the occasion, however, as the considerate combatants witnessing from a distance apparently decided quickly that their respects had been properly paid and resumed fire.

WELCOME TO ANZIO! by Flint Whitlock

Buffalo, the breakout from Anzio. Diadem was hugely successful. The Fifth Army pushed into the Liri Valley, moving up Highway 6 toward Rome.

At Anzio, however, where Buffalo kicked off at dawn on May 23, the going was initially very difficult. With the British 1st and 5th Divisions on the left flank and the 1st US Armored Division on the right, the 45th was in the center of the line as the offensive got underway. Advancing through a hail of enemy bullets and shells, the Thunderbirds moved forward.

Captain Felix Sparks, executive officer of the 157th Infantry's 2nd Battalion, said, "We had 96 artillery pieces firing in direct support of our regiment, which is a staggering amount; normally we had 18. We knew it was going to be a bloody operation—the Germans had had about three months to prepare their defensive positions.... It's hard to imagine the roar and the din. We had concentrations laid on—we'd shell the hell out of an area and then we'd raise it a hundred yards, a walking barrage. The earth was shaking and the German guns were replying. Both sides were firing like crazy. It was like the world was coming to an end."

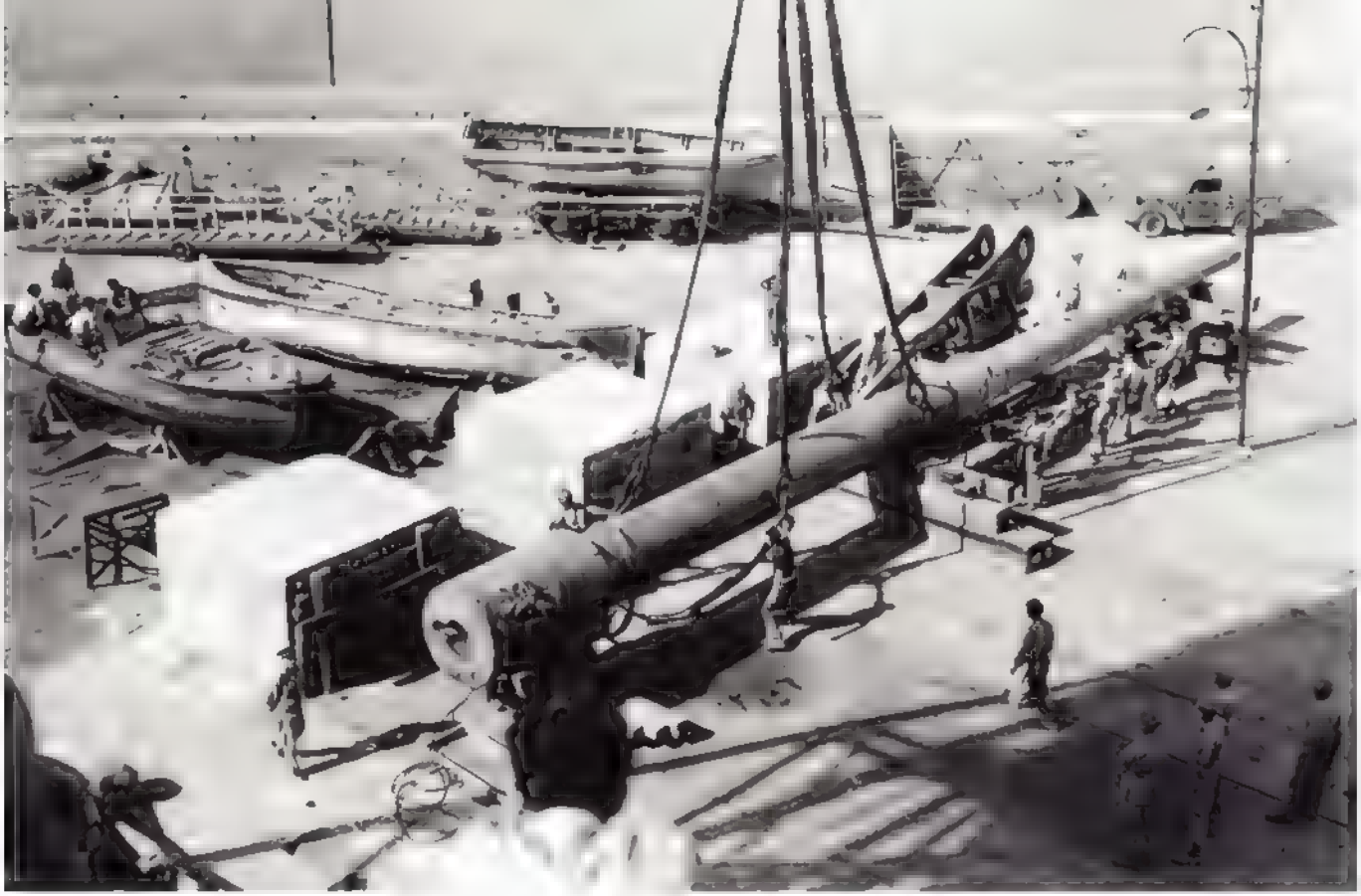
Ken Vogt, a platoon sergeant with Company E in the 157th, said, "The first day [of the breakout] wasn't too bad because we caught 'em by surprise. I think our battalion took 1,800 prisoners that day. The second day was when we really caught it. We started out with a full company and about 30 in reserve; by the end of the day I think we had 21 men left."

Doc Joe Franklin remembered that his unit captured a German soldier during the advance. "He spoke English and said he had been on the Russian front but had never experienced anything as vicious as our breakout from Anzio. He said it was the most vicious thing he had ever seen."

During the Allied advance, a ferocious battle at Carano swirled around the tomb of General Menotti Garibaldi, the son of Giuseppe Garibaldi, Italy's great patriot who unified the country in the 1860s. The tomb became the command post for Company B, 157th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division.

Captain Kenneth P. Stemmons, commanding Company B, recalled that his unit was stalled there during the breakout: "We set up our company command post in Garibaldi's tomb. The mausoleum itself was about 10 feet wide by 20 feet deep. It was about 10 feet tall and had marble inside and had family members entombed in caskets in the walls.... The Krauts knew we were in there and they were firing their tanks' guns at us—armor-piercing,

Top: A German self-propelled gun and an American medical jeep with a load of stretchers sit broken, side by side, on the battlefield at Anzio. Above, center: During the breakout, relentless enemy tank fire forced the command staff of Company B of the Thunderbirds' 157th Infantry to seek shelter deep inside this tomb of General Menotti Garibaldi, son of Italy's famed unifier, Giuseppe Garibaldi.



Against the odds, the Thunderbirds and their fellow Allied fighters broke out from Anzio's beachhead. Anzio Annie, a Krupp K5 railway gun that had bedeviled them, was a souvenir. Here, on June 19, 1945, it is hoisted for shipment to the States aboard Liberty ship *Robert R. Livingston*.

high explosive shells that would come in one side and go out the other before they exploded. It tore up everything inside. Somebody wised up and removed a marble slab with Garibaldi's name on it and we discovered his actual tomb was 20 feet below; he was entombed in a concrete bunker-like thing down there. We hastily made a ladder and set up the CP down on his tomb. There were six or eight of us in there. We had candles going for light, and when the Krauts fired and hit the building, the concussion of the explosions would suck out all the air and the candles would go out."

When Stemmons and Company B fought their way out of the tomb area a couple of days later, a soldier gave him a map he had taken off a dead German. On the map, the tomb was circled and annotated "Hauptmann Stemons." Stemmons remarked later, "They knew where we were and who we were."

Platoon Sergeant Van T. Barfoot, a Choctaw Indian in the 157th's Company L, distinguished himself during the breakout by single-handedly knocking out several enemy machine gun nests, capturing a score of Germans, carrying American wounded to safety, and knocking out a tank with a bazooka—all in one day. "I didn't have but two rounds [of bazooka ammunition]," he said. "Fortunately, the first round hit the front of the track and broke it and the tank just started turning in a circle. Then it tilted over in a little ditch and people started to get out. Of course, this gave me a good opportunity to get them." For his heroic actions, Barfoot received the Medal of Honor. He was one of three Thunderbirds who received the award during the war—all Native Americans.

Glory Is Fleeting

After more than a week of hard fighting, German resistance broke and the road to Rome was open. The battle of Anzio had finally ended.

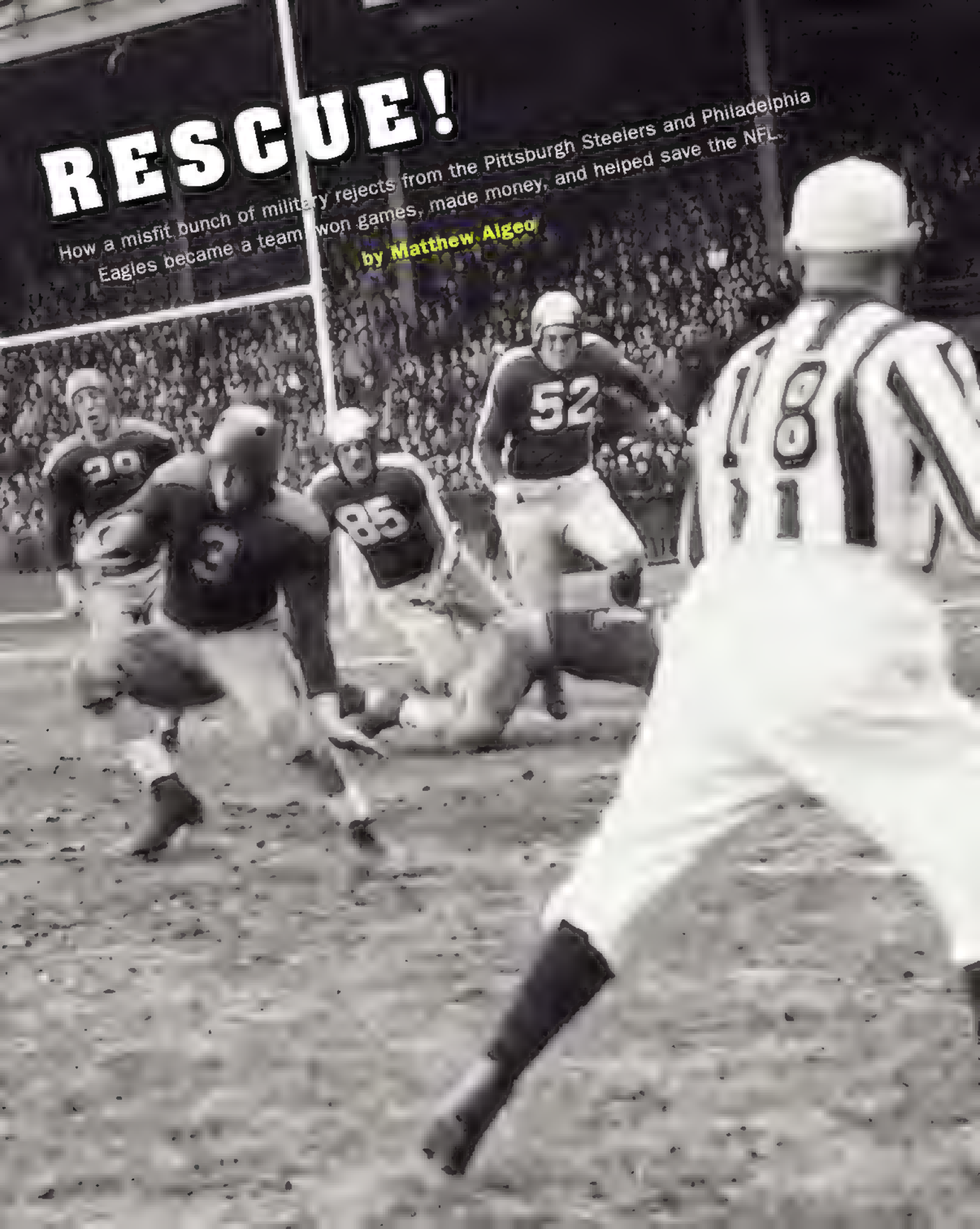
On June 4, 1944, Mark Clark's Fifth Army entered the Eternal City. But two days later, Operation Overlord—the Normandy invasion, known today as D Day—swept the news from Italy off the front pages. For the next 11 months, despite bloody combat that raged on until May 2, 1945, Italy became the forgotten front.

The men of the 45th Infantry Division left Italy in August 1944 to participate in Operation Dragoon, the invasion of Southern France. They would fight winter battles in Alsace-Lorraine and take part in the US Seventh Army's drive across southern Germany, finally liberating the Dachau concentration camp and taking part in the capture of Munich.

For the Thunderbirds who fought and bled at Anzio, the battle for the formerly sleepy resort town was indelibly etched in their minds. As one veteran said many decades later, "It seems incredible to those of us who were there that so much of the world's attention could be focused on so tiny a piece of the world's topography for so long, then pass into limbo so quickly and almost permanently." ★

Flint Whitlock *of Denver, Colorado, is the author of nine books on World War II. This article is adapted from his 1998 book* The Rock of Anzio: From Sicily to Dachau: A History of the U.S. 45th Infantry Division.

STEAGLES TO THE
67


RESCUE!
How a misfit bunch of military rejects from the Pittsburgh Steelers and Philadelphia Eagles became a team won games, made money, and helped save the NFL
by Matthew Algeo

STEAGLE TO THE RESCUE!

Al Wistert was 22 and fresh out of the University of Michigan when he showed up for his first National Football League training camp in early September 1943. An All-American tackle at Michigan, Wistert had been drafted by the Philadelphia Eagles that spring. He could hardly believe his eyes when he arrived in the City of Brotherly Love. The team practiced on a hard, rocky field behind a Standard Oil station on City Line Avenue. The locker room was cramped and musty. Three dim lightbulbs hung from the ceiling. It was a far cry from the pristine facilities that Wistert had enjoyed back in Ann Arbor. "I was thinking that the NFL was the next step up," Wistert recalled. "I could hardly see my way around the locker room, and the lockers were so small that I couldn't get my shoes in. I had to stand them on end to get them in the locker. And I'm supposed to be stepping up in class? Holy smokes!"

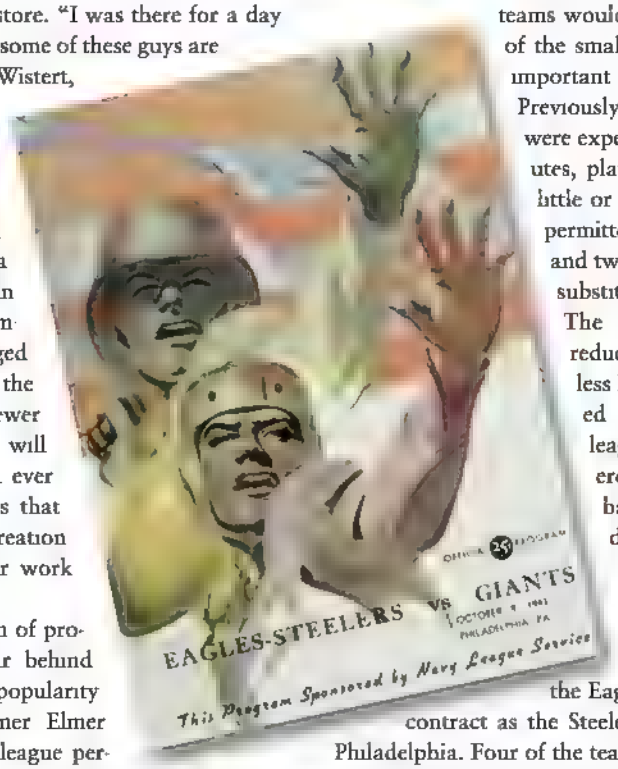
An even bigger shock was still in store. "I was there for a day or two before somebody told me that some of these guys are from Pittsburgh." Unbeknownst to Wistert, the Eagles had merged with the Pittsburgh Steelers earlier that summer. Al Wistert had just found out he was a Steagle.

A month after Pearl Harbor, President Franklin Roosevelt sent a letter to Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the stern and humorless commissioner of baseball. Roosevelt urged Landis to keep baseball going for the duration of the war. "There will be fewer people unemployed and everyone will work longer hours and harder than ever before," he wrote. "And that means that they ought to have a chance for recreation and for taking their minds off their work even more than before."

Roosevelt's letter made no mention of professional football, which ranked far behind both baseball and college football in popularity at the time. But NFL Commissioner Elmer Layden assumed the letter gave his league permission to carry on as well, and in the spring of 1942, he announced that the NFL would continue to operate in the fall. It wouldn't be easy. By May 1942, nearly one-third of the players under contract with the league's 10 teams were in the military.

The league managed to muddle through the 1942 season, but by the spring of '43, the situation was dire. So many players had gone off to war that some teams had fewer than 10 players under contract. The Steelers had just six. When the owners met in Chicago that June, they seriously considered suspending operations for the duration. Instead, they decided to do something that Layden considered "ingenious." The owners voted to temporarily disband one team—the Cleveland (now St. Louis) Rams—and merge two others: the Steelers and the Eagles.

To further address the manpower shortage, the maximum number of players each team was allowed to carry on its roster was lowered from 33 to 25, mitigating some of the advantage larger teams would have had. And to get the most out of the smaller rosters, the owners approved an important rule change: unlimited substitution. Previously, the 11 players who started a game were expected to be on the field for all 60 minutes, playing both offense and defense, with little or no respite; just one substitution was permitted in each of the first three quarters and two in the fourth. For the 1943 season, substitutions were permitted at any time. The owners hoped the change would reduce injuries, since rested players were less likely to get hurt. The change heralded the beginning of the end of the league's heroic 60-minute men and ushered in the modern era of platoon football, with its separate offensive and defensive units.



Meanwhile, Eagles owner Alexis Thompson and Steelers co-owners Art Rooney and Bert Bell hashed out the details of their merger. Since the Eagles had twice as many players under contract as the Steelers, they agreed to base the team in Philadelphia. Four of the team's six home games would be played at Philadelphia's Shibe Park. The other two would be played at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh. The team would wear the Eagles' Kelly green jerseys for all games. Eagles head coach Earle "Greasy" Neale and Steelers head coach Walt Kiesling would serve as co-head coaches of the combined team. Expenses (after player salaries) would be split 50-50.

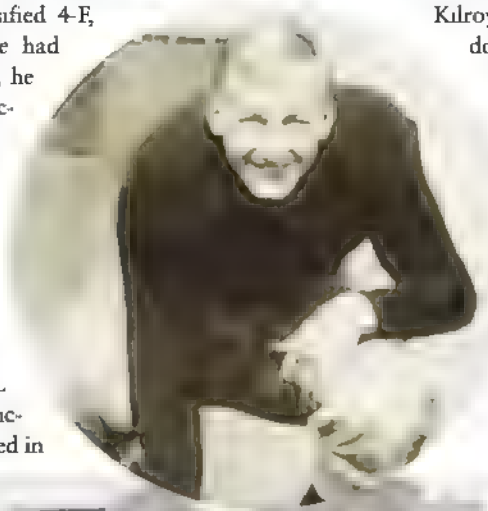
The team was officially known simply as the Eagles, without a city designation. But almost immediately, sportswriters and fans dubbed the team "the Steagles."

Al Wistert never expected to play professional football in 1943.

PREVIOUS SPREAD: TEMPLE UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES, SCRC, URBAN ARCHIVES, PHILADELPHIA, PA. LEFT: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Previous spread: The Steagles were a hodgepodge of players left behind by war, but they turned into a solid team. Here the defense runs down a Green Bay Packer in Philadelphia's Shibe Park in December 1943. Above: The game program for a home matchup against the New York Giants. The NFL called the Pennsylvania team the Eagles-Steelers, but everyone else called it the Steagles.

Shortly after graduating from Michigan, he received a draft notice and reported for his physical. "I zoomed through it," Wistert remembered. "They hardly looked at me." But after the exam, Wistert was asked several questions about his medical history. One of them was: Have you ever had surgery? Wistert explained that he had broken his left wrist playing football in his junior year at Michigan and had had it operated on twice since then. X-rays were taken. They revealed evidence of osteomyelitis, an infection of the bone. Wistert was classified 4-F, physically unfit for military service. He had mixed feelings about this. On one hand, he was "kinda worried," he said. The infection, if it spread, could result in amputation or even death. On the other hand, he said, "I wanted to play pro football. And the sooner I could get to playing pro football the better I liked it. So I don't know that I was real disappointed when they turned me down."

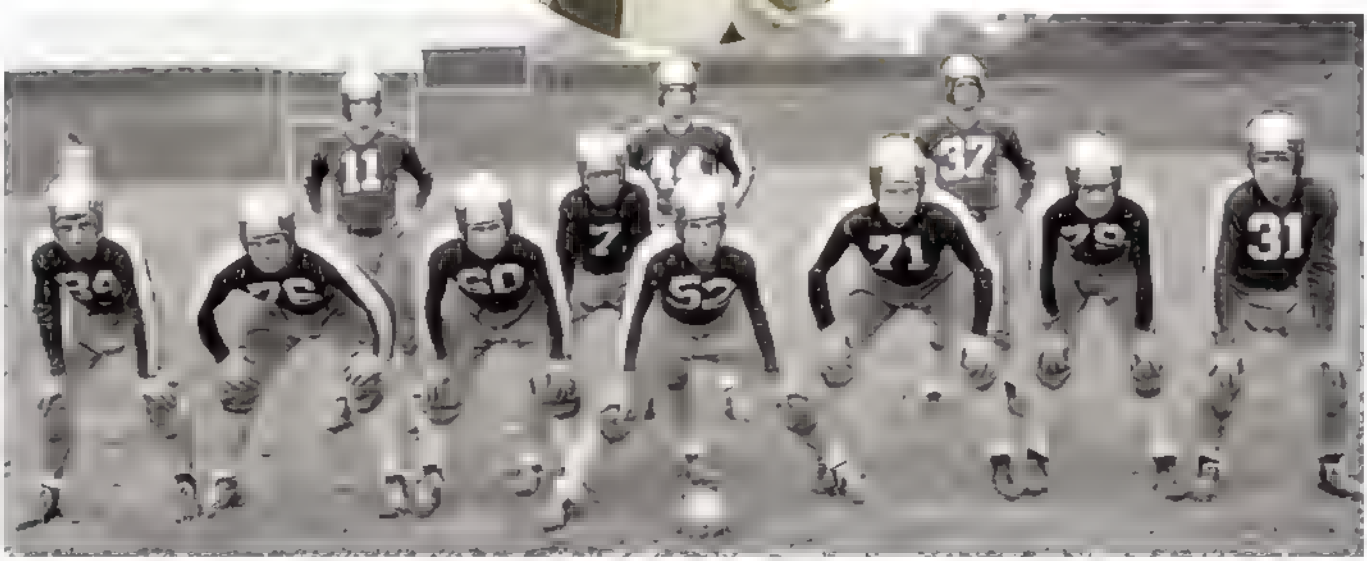


Al Wistert was just one of many 4-Fs who would prove invaluable to the NFL during the war, and to the Steagles in particular. Fifteen of the 24 players who appeared in five or more games for the Steagles were military rejects—a whopping 62 percent. End Tony Bova was nearly blind in one eye. Center Ray Graves was deaf in one ear. End Larry Cabrelli had a bad knee. Center Al Wutkis had a hernia. End Bill Hewitt and quarterback Allie Sherman had perforated eardrums. Guard Eddie Michaels was so deaf that he had to take his helmet off in the huddle to hear the play being called. Tackle Vic Sears had ulcers. "Let's face it: There was a war going on," Sears said. "If you were healthy, you were in it."

The Steagles weren't all 4-Fs, however. Halfback Dean Steward was classified 1-A, available for service, and was just waiting for his local draft board to call him. It did, but not until the end of the season. Guard Rocco Canale was in the army, stationed at Mitchell Field near New York City. His commanding officer was sympathetic to his desire to play pro football and agreed to let him play for the Steagles on weekends

An arrangement similar to Canale's allowed Frank "Bucko" Kilroy to play for the Steagles. As a merchant marine, Kilroy had an automatic draft deferment. "I was doing mostly convoy duty in the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean, first on cargo ships and then on transports," Kilroy said. "You name it, I was on it. Scary." Like Canale, Kilroy had understanding superiors. "Believe it or not, they'd ship me back to New York for the football season," he said. "I used to come into Philadelphia on Friday night and practice two days with the team and then play on Sunday. But the moment the football season was over, I was back on the North Atlantic on convoy duties."

From the very start of training camp, it was obvious that the Steagles' two head coaches would have trouble cooperating. In appearance, disposition, and coaching style, Greasy Neale and Walt Kiesling were complete opposites. Neale was a dapper dresser, curious, quick-witted, and gloriously profane. "You stand around like a bear cub playin' with his pr-ck!" was one of his favorite lines. Kiesling was obese, disheveled, stern, and unimaginative. He liked to begin every game with the exact same play, a run up the middle. When Steelers owner Art Rooney finally insisted he begin a game with a pass, Kiesling sabotaged the play by ordering one of his linemen to jump offside. "If this pass



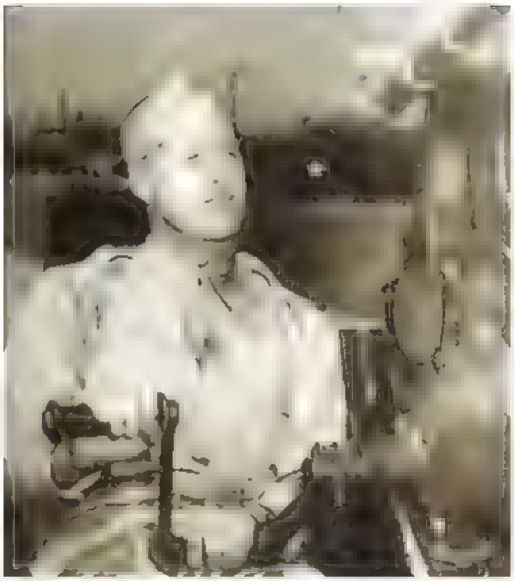
RIGHT & INSET TEMPLE UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES, SCRC - URBAN ARCHIVES, PHILADELPHIA, PA

Above, top: Al Wistert, pictured here as a sophomore at the University of Michigan, was drafted by the Philadelphia Eagles in the spring of 1943. He spent a couple of days at practice that September before realizing that some of the players were Pittsburgh Steelers—that the two Pennsylvania teams had been combined into one. Above, bottom: A rookie fresh out of college, Wistert had yet to earn his way into the Steagles' starting lineup when this photo of the first-team players was taken in mid-September.

play works," he warned the team, "that Rooney will be down here every week giving us plays." Al Wistert recalled that "Kiesling and Neale got along like a cat and a dog. At times they would argue on the field in front of all the players. It was just crazy." Vic Sears remembered that "They hated each other."

To ease tensions, Steelers co-owner (and future NFL commissioner) Bert Bell suggested the two head coaches divide their duties rather than collaborate: Neale would coach the offense and Kiesling the defense. It was an unusual division of labor for the time, but it's one that persists to this day.

The players generally didn't get along much better than the coaches at first. Only about 10 of the 30-odd players who reported to training camp in Philadelphia were under contract to Pittsburgh. In the minority and far from home, the Steelers naturally formed a clique and tended not to socialize with the Eagles. "There was a little antagonism," recalled Sears, an Eagle. "There were tensions. It wasn't a good situation for anybody."



Above: By the time the Eagles and Steelers merged, Eagles owner Alexis Thompson was in the army. Here, he practices on an anti-aircraft gun at Camp Davis, North Carolina.

The merger produced unexpected job competition. Eberle Schultz had been a starting tackle for the Steelers the previous season. After the merger, he was supplanted by Sears, who said Schultz was quite disgruntled. "He hated my guts," Sears recalled. "He absolutely hated me." (Schultz eventually won a starting job, but as a guard rather than a tackle.)

Expectations for the Steagles were low. Since joining the NFL 10 years earlier, the Eagles had never had a winning season and the Steelers had had just one. But in their first game, the Steagles surprised everybody by thrashing the Brooklyn Dodgers, 17-0. (At the time it was common for a city's pro football team to borrow the name of its baseball counterpart. In fact, the Steelers were originally known as the Pirates.) In that game, the Steagles held the Dodgers to an astonishing –33 (yes, minus 33) yards rushing—still the third-lowest total ever recorded in an NFL game. In their second game, the Steagles won again, beating the powerful New York Giants, 28 14

When the Steagles weren't playing football, they had plenty to keep them busy. During the season, each player was also required to work at least 40 hours a week in an essential war industry. "We don't want anyone pointing a finger at our players and charging that they aren't contributing to the war effort," Eagles publicity director Al Ennis explained. Wistert found a job as an inspector at a shipyard in Camden, New Jersey. Several other players worked at Bendix Aviation and at the Budd metal fabrication factory in North Philadelphia. The team practiced at night on a lighted field in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park. "You worked all day, and you practiced all night, and by the end of the day, you were tired as hell," remembered Steagles running back Jack Hinkle, who worked at Bendix.

THE STEAGLES WERE THE ONLY pro sports team to require its players to take war jobs. Exhausting as it was, most players did not object to the extra work, mostly because they needed the money. In the NFL, a salary of $200 a game was typical. A season was 10 games for a total of $2,000 a year. At Budd, experienced workers were commanding as much as $73 a week, but that was for 52 weeks a year for a total of almost $3,800.

US MARINE CORPS

FOOTBALL goes to war

In all, 638 NFL players served in the military during World War II. It's an impressive number, especially considering the league had only about 330 total roster spots when the United States entered the conflict. Three hundred fifty-five NFL players were commissioned officers. Sixty-nine were decorated. Nineteen died for their country. Two—Jack Lummus (left) of the New York Giants and Maurice Britt (right) of the Detroit Lions—were awarded the Medal of Honor.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

OPPOSITE: RIGHT & INSET TEMPLE UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES, SCRC, URBAN ARCHIVES, PHILADELPHIA, PA

Above, top: The Steagles take on the Chicago Bears in Shibe Park on September 16, 1943. Most NFL teams played their home games in baseball parks. Above, center: GIs, a few of whom are shown here in the stands for that Bears game, generally supported pro sports despite the players' not serving in the military.

As the season progressed, relations among Steagles players improved. Their common plight—working in defense jobs all day in addition to playing pro football—gave them a common bond. Mostly, though, the players just got to know each other better. "I think we all got a little better acquainted and appreciated each other," said center Ray Graves.

The Steagles bonded for another reason: As professional athletes, they were sometimes the target of bitter vitriol from outside. At games, fans often wondered, loudly and profanely, why the players were on a football field instead of a battlefield. Off the field, players got hate mail. "It was rough," said Graves.

Ironically, most servicemen supported the 4-F athletes. In one poll, 96.5 percent of soldiers surveyed favored the continuation of sports during the war. "One time I was having a couple drinks with a soldier," Sears remembered. "I said, 'Do you wonder why I'm not in the service? Strong, healthy, plays football?' He says, 'I know you got a helluva reason or you'd be in.'"

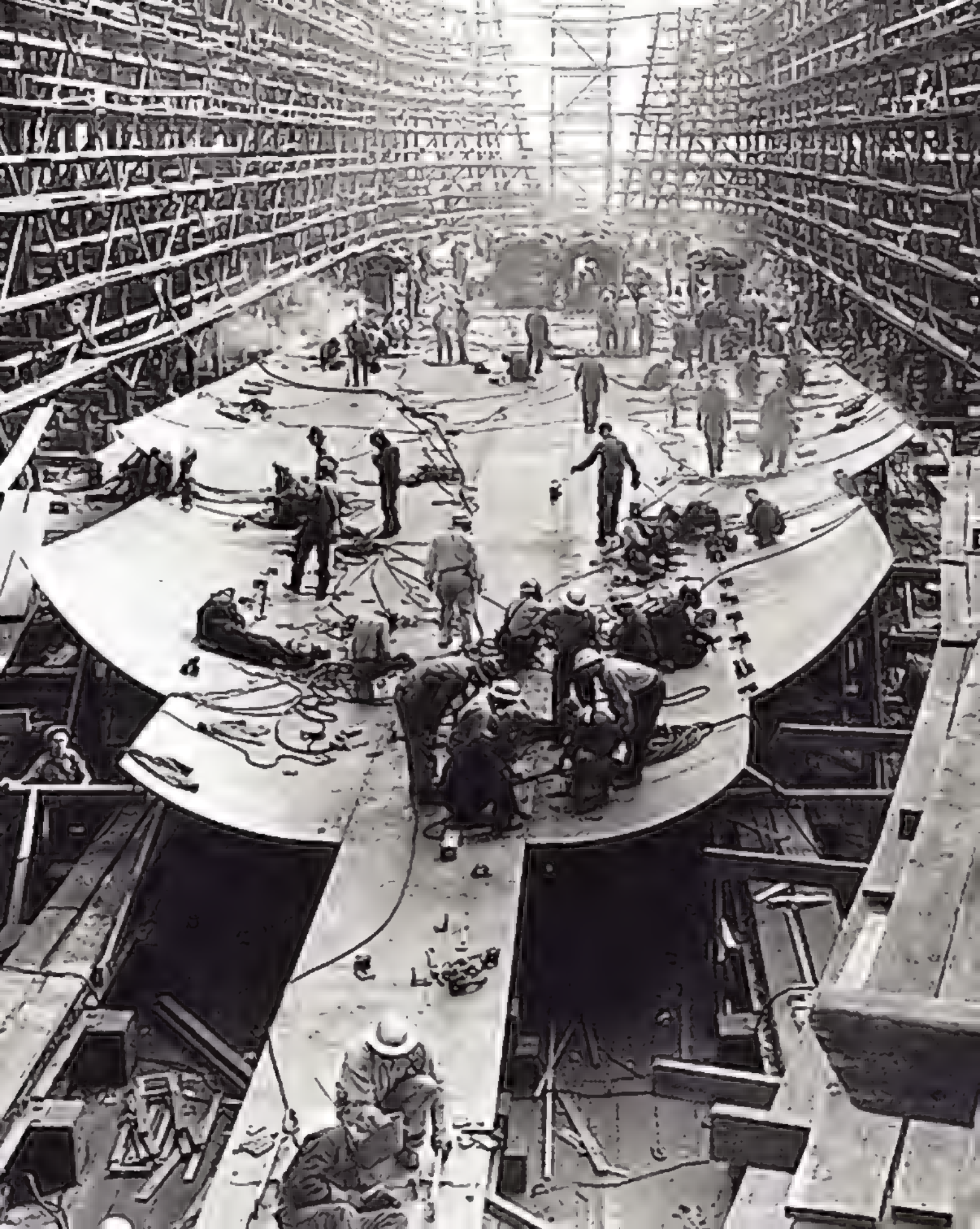
Going into the final game of the season, the Steagles had a record of five wins, three losses, and a tie. They had even beaten the Washington Redskins, the reigning NFL champs. A win in their last game, against the Green Bay Packers at home in Shibe Park, and they would finish the season tied for first place in the Eastern Division.

Alas, it was not to be. The Steagles lost 38 28. Still, the season could be considered nothing but a success—both on the field and off. The cumulative paid home attendance of 129,347 was a record for both franchises. An Eagles official confided to a Philadelphia newspaper that it was "the most successful season financially either Philadelphia or Pittsburgh ever had." Bert Bell said, "We took in more in the six home games this year than the Eagles and Steelers did together in ten games last year."

More importantly, the Steagles had helped keep the NFL alive through the darkest days of the war. They and the rest of professional football's 4-Fs didn't storm the beaches of Iwo Jima or Normandy. They couldn't. But they were, in smaller ways, heroic. In America's darkest hours, they gave the nation something to cheer about, and their accomplishments, often in the face of long odds, exemplified the spirit that won the war.

The Steagles also helped save professional football. Without them, today's NFL, its 32 franchises now worth a combined $26 billion, might not exist. The Steagles were not soldiers, but they did help America through the war.

MATTHEW ALGEO *is the author of* Last Team Standing: How the Steelers and the Eagles—"The Steagles"—Saved Pro Football During World War II. *This article is based on interviews he conducted with surviving members of the Steagles between 2003 and 2006. Today, only three Steagles are still alive: Ray Graves, Allie Sherman, and Al Wistert.*



THE WORLD'S BUSIEST SHIPYARD

America needed a lot of big ships fast to battle powerful enemy navies. The Brooklyn Navy Yard hummed day and night to build them.

by Ken Yellis

IT WAS A TOUGH JOB, working at the New York Navy Yard—better known as the Brooklyn Navy Yard—during World War II. Twenty-four hours a day. Seven days a week. Workers hardly got a break. Solomon Brodsky, a packer in the yard's vast supply depot, remembered those years. "There were days I felt like a zombie," he recalled. "You work; there was a war. I had my kid brother in the war. So you feel like you're working for him."

It was much easier to see what the yard did than to see what was done to the yard to make it all happen. But a tremendous effort had been required to transform the aging facility into the nation's greatest warship manufacturer. Its dramatic facelift symbolized the stunning prewar expansion of American shipbuilding facilities, the necessary first step in the creation of the nation's mighty two-ocean navy.

The United States Navy had entered World War II unprepared for a global fight and then was severely weakened by Japan's December 7, 1941, attack on Pearl Harbor. But it did have a system of shipyards scattered from the Central Pacific to the East Coast. Led by the Brooklyn yard, these facilities raced to produce massive battleships and aircraft carriers capable of ruling a new age of naval warfare.

The story of the Brooklyn Navy Yard begins in 1801, when President John Adams established five naval shipyards on the young nation's East Coast. The Brooklyn yard was one of them. Six decades later, early in the Civil War, it made its name when it turned out the Union ironclad *Monitor* in time to halt a rampage by the Confederacy's *Virginia* through the otherwise wooden Union navy.

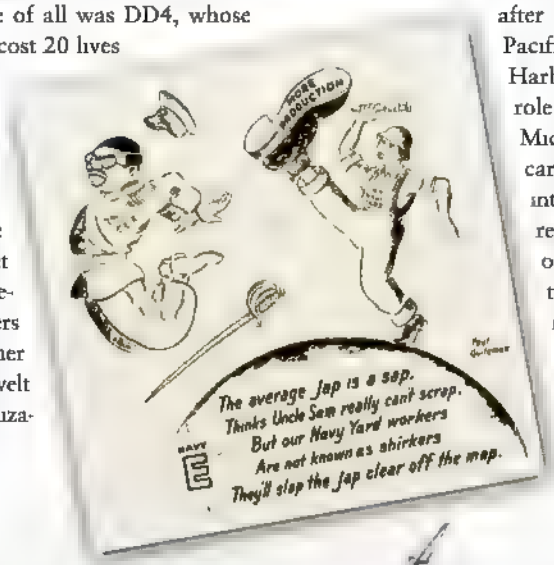
OPPOSITE: FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY AND MUSEUM

Opposite: Welders and other workers start on a new ship at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on September 13, 1942. Scaffolding, arrayed inside the dry dock's concrete walls like stadium seats, will allow thousands of workers to access the ship at the same time as it rises on its keel—and complete it with astonishing speed.

THE WORLD'S BUSIEST SHIPYARD by Ken Yellis

But the yard's location on Wallabout Bay, on Brooklyn's side of the East River, became a problem. Building bigger, more modern ships meant expanding facilities into the quicksand bottomed bay. Every effort to enlarge the yard and increase its production capacity proved nearly impossible. The completion of the first dry dock (DD1) in 1851 was a triumph of engineering and architectural insight. The same cannot be said of DD2 (1890) and DD3 (1897), which were rebuilt, relined, and renovated several times over subsequent decades. The most troublesome of all was DD4, whose agonizing construction on unstable soil cost 20 lives

By the mid-1930s, the looming prospect of war in Europe and the Far East had sparked an American shipbuilding boom. Recognizing that post–World War I neglect had left the US Navy ill-equipped for what might lie ahead, President Franklin Roosevelt set out to supply it with the brawnier battleships and state-of-the-art aircraft carriers required by modern sea powers. As a former assistant secretary of the navy, Roosevelt realized that the effort required modernization, expansion, and upgrading of the naval infrastructure.


MORE PRODUCTION
The average Jap is a sap.
Thinks Uncle Sam really can't scrap.
But our Navy Yard workers
Are not known as shirkers
They'll slap the Jap clear off the map.
NAVY
E

LEFT & INSET BROOKLYN NAVY YARD ARCHIVE

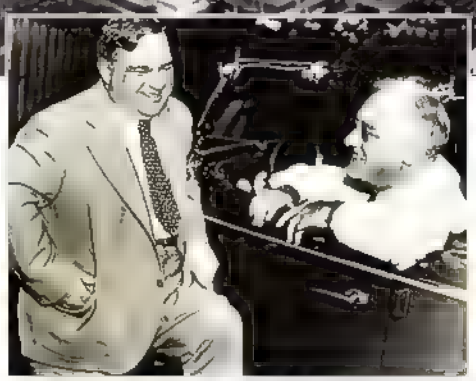
To oversee the project, Roosevelt chose Ben Moreell, now best remembered as the Father of the Seabees (the navy's construction battalions—CBs). The two men had met during World War I when Moreell was a young lieutenant in the navy's Civil Engineer Corps stationed in the Azores. In the 1920s, the navy sent Moreell to the world's oldest engineering school, École Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées in Paris, to study European military engineering design and construction practices. On his return to the states, he was put in charge of planning for the David Taylor Model Basin, a new ship-design testing facility to be built outside Bethesda, Maryland. Roosevelt promoted Moreell to rear admiral in 1937 and chose him over more senior officers to serve as chief of the navy's Bureau of Yards and Docks and of the Civil Engineer Corps

Under Moreell's watch, navy yards in the Hawaiian Islands were upgraded and two giant dry docks were constructed at Pearl Harbor. Similar work was done at Midway Atoll and Wake Island. These enhancements proved fortunate after the Japanese navy devastated the US Pacific Fleet in December 1941 at Pearl Harbor. Pearl's new docks had an important role in the war-changing June 4–7 Battle of Midway, too. On May 28, 1942, the aircraft carrier USS *Yorktown (CV-10)* had limped into the harbor needing three months of repairs after nearly being sunk in the Battle of the Coral Sea. As confrontation with the Japanese loomed at Midway, laborers managed to patch up *Yorktown* in one of Pearl's new dry docks in just 48 hours. She was then lost at Midway, but not before her planes sank the carrier *Soryu* and damaged two other carriers, helping seal the US Navy's first great victory over its Japanese counterpart.

US Navy facilities along the Gulf of Mexico and the West Coast and in long-established yards in the East also received significant attention. But none expanded quite like the Brooklyn Navy Yard, whose renovations had begun even before Moreell's appointment. Two high-placed natives of New York State had been behind its makeover: President Roosevelt, the state's former governor; and his friend Fiorello LaGuardia, New York City's energetic mayor. After taking office in 1933, Roosevelt backed a number of New

Top: The Brooklyn Navy Yard was the Can-Do Yard, humming with industry around the clock and earning the Army-Navy E Award for excellent war production. This October 1944 cartoon shows the workers were urged to think of shipbuilding as warfare. Above: A January 1943 photo shows two yard icons: the soon-to-be-activated battleship USS *Iowa (BB-61)* and the hammerhead crane, which could lift up to 425 tons. Opposite, top: The hammerhead towers over the yard in an aerial photo. All six dry docks are visible. Opposite, center: New York City Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia chats with Franklin Roosevelt at the Roosevelt home in Hyde Park, New York, in 1938. The yard brought needed jobs to LaGuardia's city.

BROOKLYN NAVY YARD ARCHIVE



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY AND MUSEUM

York–based projects sponsored by the New Deal job-generation agency, the Works Progress Administration, and between 1935 and 1943, the navy increased both the capacity and the capability of the Brooklyn yard on a colossal scale. It overhauled its physical plant and updated factories, some of which dated back to the Civil War. Workers lengthened each of the yard's building ways by 100 yards and built a huge hammerhead crane capable of lifting 350 tons (and later strengthened it to handle 425 tons). They added a foundry, submarine-assembly shops, additional docks and berths, and miles of new roads. They also lengthened troublesome DD4 to accommodate the building of the battleship *North Carolina (BB-55)*. Finally, and most importantly, they built two unique, 1,100-foot long dry docks dubbed "the Twins."

IN THE AFTERMATH OF PEARL HARBOR, the Brooklyn yard earned the nickname Can-Do Yard as the world's busiest ship-repair facility. Its workforce exploded from 14,000 to more than 70,000 and worked virtually nonstop. "For quite a while we worked at seven days [a week], there was no such thing as time off...," Solomon Brodsky recalled. "I'm Jewish, and we had the Jewish holidays coming up...and the rabbis...told us we should work, we were at war. It was the only time in my life I worked on a Yom Kippur and Rosh Hashanah...."

The stepped up pace was unavoidable as orders for super-size warships poured in. Some of them, including the 45,000-ton battleships *Iowa (BB-61)* and *Missouri (BB-63)* and *Essex*-class carriers such as the new *Yorktown*, were simply too large to be built as most other vessels were built—on nest-like building ways. For the navy's latest behemoths, a new system was required.

Enter the Twins, Brooklyn's fantastic new dry docks. Of the 26 dry docks added to navy shipyards in 1942 and 1943, none were quite like Brooklyn's DD5 and DD6. Pushed along by what naval historian Samuel Eliot Morison called "the desperate urgency" of World War II, their creation had begun in the summer of 1941. Making room for DD5 and DD6 had required expanding the yard almost seven fold and adding 50 miles of railroad track to the yard's own network. It also meant using eminent domain to condemn, acquire, and clear the adjacent Wallabout Market, one of the world's largest produce marketplaces. This controversial move allowed builders to align the new docks to provide a straight approach to the river and position them so they did not interfere with the yard's other docks, all of which were busy throughout the war. As chief planning officer of the Bureau of Yards and Docks Rear Admiral W.H. Smith recalled, the navy had to "generally reshuffle the entire geography of the area."

Time and construction materials were at a premium. Fortunately, the yard had been procuring huge caches of concrete and gravel for months. Further speeding up the docks' construction was the development of an advanced concrete that would set in wet conditions. There also was what *Popular Science* described as a "startlingly new type of naval building [that] is known to engineers as the 'tremie' method—or pouring large quantities of high grade concrete under water through pipes called 'tremies'." Using this method, it was no longer necessary to erect the big temporary dams known as cofferdams "to keep water out of the excavations.... A site is simply dredged to the desired depth, then leveled by barge-controlled drags, and construction begins."

Conditions were generally rough. There was the sandy bottom of Wallabout Bay, upon which the dry docks would be built. Then there was the East River, which connected New York Bay and Long Island Sound. The river was treacherous, with a constantly shifting current and assorted underwater rocks, reefs, and islands. Engineer Richard Johnson later recalled, "There [was] a problem in launching ships...and that is that the current is quite severe.... One of the ships being launched just got picked away and beached itself over in Manhattan."

Northeast of the yard stretched the aptly named Hell Gate, a narrow, mile-long channel between Ward's Island and Astoria, where three conflicting tides met to produce swirling currents, giant whirlpools, standing waterfalls, and even a tidal fall. There, in 1904, the passenger ferry *General Slocum* had caught fire and sunk, taking a thousand lives.

If new technology made construction of the Twins quicker, the

What is a Dry Dock?

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The Brooklyn Navy Yard's Dry Dock 4, the Hoodoo Dock, was completed in 1912 at a cost of 8 years and 20 lives.

Shipbuilding suffers from an age-old problem: how to work on large vessels without lifting them out of the water. The dry dock is the solution. Built at water level at the edge of bodies of water—Brooklyn's Wallabout Bay, for instance—the end of a dock, at the water's edge, is closed with a watertight gate or wall, called a caisson, and the water is pumped out. Inside, a keel can be laid and a new ship built around it.

The dry docks at Brooklyn Navy Yard were not used to build a ship until World War II. Before that, they were more valuable for converting civilian vessels to wartime use, for the speedy and ingenious repair and updating of naval vessels, and for routine maintenance, supply, and servicing. For these functions, the caisson is closed and the water pumped out of the dock, allowing keel-supporting blocks to be laid down based on the ship's exact measurements. The blocks are secured, the dock flooded, and the ship brought in and positioned over the blocks. The caisson is then closed and the water pumped out again, allowing work to be done on the entire hull. Once work is done, the dock is reflooded, and the ship returns to duty

THE WORLD'S BUSIEST SHIPYARD by Ken Yellis

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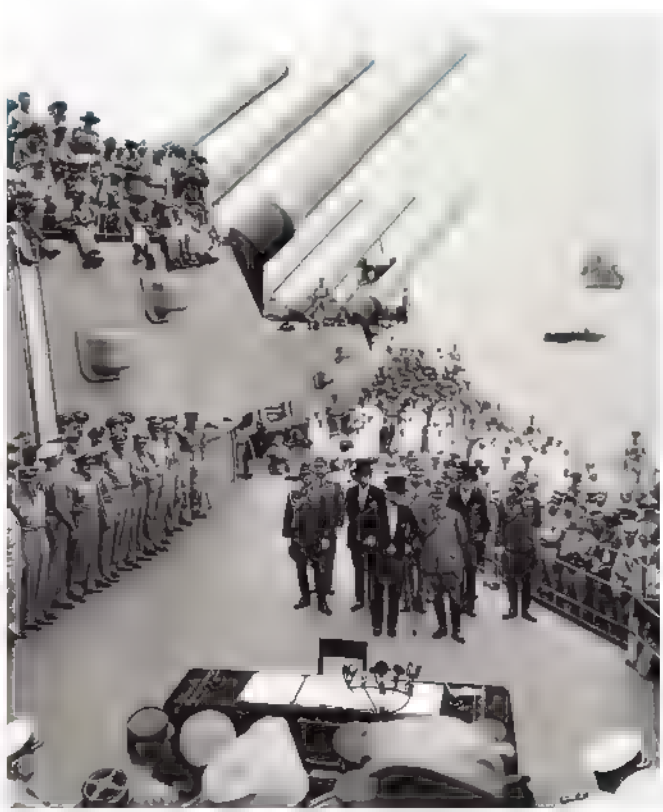

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Two great ships built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard—the USS *Arizona (BB-39)* and the USS *Missouri (BB-63)*—came to symbolize the start and finish of US involvement in World War II. The *Arizona* (above, left, ready for launch in June 1915) would sink at Pearl Harbor with the loss of 1,177 lives. The *Missouri* (above, right, with Japan's delegation on deck) would host the signing of Japan's surrender in a 23-minute ceremony.

process was hardly easy. Sand had to be dredged from the waterways and beds of gravel and crushed rock laid. Thousands of piles were driven down. Once they were in position, giant prefabricated steel forms were lowered into place. Sidewall forms were affixed and filled with concrete. When all this was done, workers placed a cofferdam across the new dock's entrance and pumped the water out of it. They then finished the floor and sidewalls and any other work required to make the dock operational.

All this was done in stages, which made a dock accessible to ships even before it was fully finished. "Work was carried on day and night, seven days a week, regardless of weather," Rear Admiral Smith later wrote. "At times we fought the ice that piles up in the East River under certain combinations of wind and tide. We had many difficult problems to solve.... But the number of carriers built in these docks, and their contribution to the war effort more than justified this project and repaid its cost."

Somehow, by the end of 1942, DD5 had been completed. Its twin, DD6, was finished a few months later. (The yard had also added a less miraculous dry dock at its new Bayonne, New Jersey, annex.) In May 1943, Moreell dropped by to award the coveted Army-Navy E award for manufacturing excellence to the docks' builder, Contractors for Drydocks.

By war's end, the yard's production numbers spoke for themselves. "Since Pearl Harbor," the *Brooklyn Eagle* boasted in December 1945, "the Brooklyn Navy Yard has built 17 ships, including two huge battleships, five aircraft carriers, eight LSTs [landing ships, tank] and two floating workshops. When submarine attacks on Allied ships were at their peak, the yard was repairing as many as 67 ships at a time. During 1944 alone the yard made repairs and alterations on 1,539 ships." On April 29, 1945, the yard launched the 45,000-ton aircraft carrier *Coral Sea (CV-43)*, which was subsequently renamed *Franklin D. Roosevelt (CV-42)* in honor of the president, who died on April 12.

WITHOUT THE SHIPBUILDING CAPABILITIES created under the Moreell plan, the United States would have been hard pressed to maintain the offensive in 1942—or maybe even to take it in the first place. And beyond that, only relentless and generally anonymous effort had kept America's navy yards buzzing at top capacity for nearly four years. "The lights have never been turned off and the telephones have never stopped ringing a minute since the war started," Rear Admiral Sherman S. Kennedy, the yard's general manager, said at war's end. "Nor has the fighting spirit of our huge army of workers flagged in their battle to get ships in shipshape condition to the fighting fronts." ★

KEN YELLIS *is principal of Project Development Services, a museum consulting company in Newport, Rhode Island. He helped develop the exhibit* Brooklyn Navy Yard: Past, Present, and Future *at the Brooklyn Navy Yard Center at Building 92.*

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For more information: www.airzoo.org

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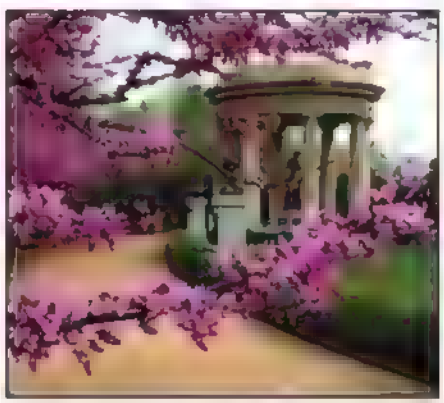
70th ANNIVERSARY OF D-DAY

THE NATIONAL D-DAY MEMORIAL
BEDFORD, VIRGINIA



The National D-Day Memorial is open daily from 10:00 AM to 5:00 PM. Closed on Christmas Day, New Years Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Monday closings Dec. - Feb. Admission and tour fees apply. For more information on the Memorial or for a list of upcoming events, visit www dday.org.

The National D-Day Memorial is operated by the National D-Day Memorial Foundation, a non-profit 501(c)(3).

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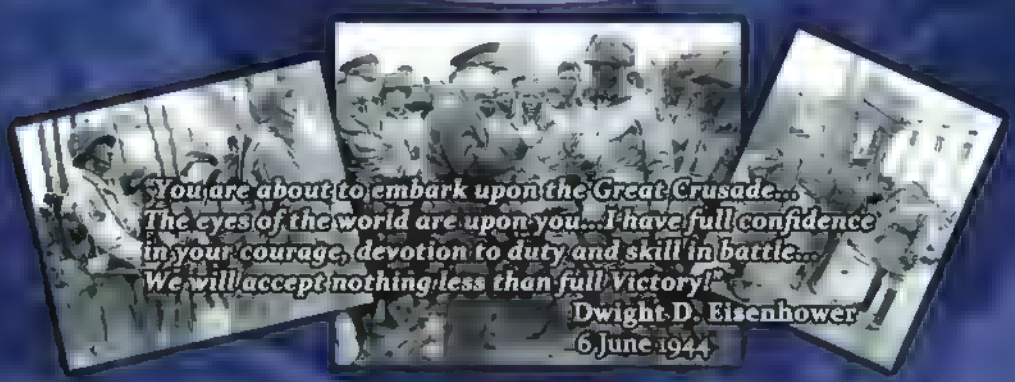
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The Original PAC Man

by Carl Zebrowski

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT needed to get rid of Henry Wallace in early 1944. The vice president, tainted by rumors of Communist sympathies, delusional idealism, and astrological consultation, would only hurt Roosevelt's reelection chances come November. The Democratic president needed a new running mate. He was not sure yet who it would be, but he realized he needed outside approval on any decision. When an aide offered one possibility, Roosevelt reportedly responded, "Clear it with Sidney." A slogan was born—a Republican attack slogan.

"Sidney" was Sidney Hillman, and at the time of Roosevelt's fourth presidential election campaign, he was one of the most powerful men in America. Hillman was head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and a driving force behind the Congress of Industrial Organizations. Now he was co-chair of the CIO's political action committee—the first political action committee in American history.

The PAC was born after Congress passed the Smith-Connally Act of 1943 over Roosevelt's veto, in response to a strike by 400,000 coal miners. The act gave the federal government the right to take over an industry critical to the war effort if a strike threatened. It included a prohibition against unions contributing funds to election campaigns, a provision Republicans tacked on to weaken unions and keep them from influencing election outcomes in favor of Democrats who supported them.

The next presidential election was just over a year away. Roosevelt was the best president unions had ever seen, and they could hardly afford to risk his losing the White House. CIO lawyers went to work on the problem and came up with a clever workaround to allow union money to flow to preferred candidates legally. Though

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One of the most powerful men in America in 1944: Sidney Hillman, head of the first political action committee in US history.

funds could no longer come from union coffers, they could come from individuals, who just might happen to be union members. The lawyers devised a method for pooling the members' money so it could be used effectively to influence and aid campaigns. Individual union workers would donate money to a newly created PAC, and the PAC would distribute it to campaigns. *Time* called the PAC "the most formidable pressure group yet devised by labor."

Republicans began attacking Hillman and the PAC early in the presidential campaign. Martin Dies, Republican Congressman from Texas, was chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, a body tasked with ferreting out Americans linked to Nazism and the Ku Klux Klan. Dies's panel often investigated labor unions and began looking into the PAC in January 1944.

By the time the election campaigns shifted into high gear that summer, Hillman was a household name. "The most important politician at the Democratic convention in Chicago this week is, very probably, a labor leader," read an article in the July 24 issue of *Time*. "The labor leader is Sidney Hillman, 57, of Manhattan, for 30 years the president of the rich and powerful Amalgamated Clothing Workers."

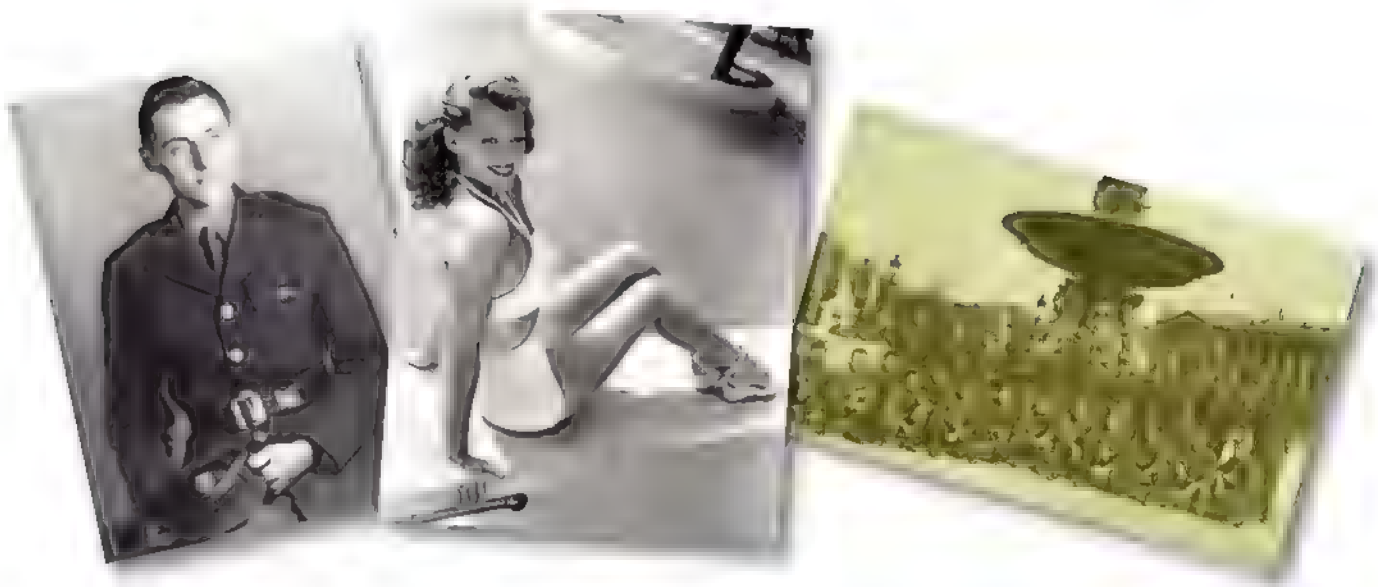
Republican attacks picked up. They brought up Hillman, the PAC, and Roosevelt's "Clear it with Sidney" remark over and over. Looking back the following year, one election analyst commented, "A visitor from Mars, dropping among us last fall, might well have thought that Sidney Hillman was a candidate." GOP loyalists were dispatched to spread the criticism. "Subversive forces of class hatred and pressure politics under the leadership of Sidney Hillman and Earl Browder [head of the Communist Party USA] must be driven from high places in our American political life," John Bricker, Republican governor of Ohio, told a sympathetic crowd.

By the end of the campaign, the PAC had raised about $600,000 from union members. Still, New York Governor Thomas Dewey's campaign brought in a few times more than Roosevelt's did. But Dewey most likely never had a serious chance to win. The November 7 balloting ended with Roosevelt taking 36 states and 432 electoral votes to Dewey's 2 and 99. Afterward, Roosevelt thanked Hillman for his support. "It was a great campaign," he wrote, "and nobody knows better than I do how much you contributed to its success."

Though Roosevelt defeated Dewey easily, he might not have been the election's biggest winner. Labor unions enjoyed a triumph that would last a few decades. But they took a serious hit in 1981, when Ronald Reagan fired striking air traffic controllers, and have remained in decline. It was PACs that benefitted most for the longest. Seven decades after their WWII infancy, PACs are as plentiful and powerful as ever. ★

WAR STORIES

A WWII Scrapbook



UNDER ATTACK IN FRANCE

On the way up through southern France, through Aix en-Provence and Lyon, we slept at night either on the ground or in bombed out deserted buildings, many of which were factories.... [One night] I decided to sleep in a narrow hallway, under a window looking out into a wooded area. The hallway was about three or four feet wide, and opposite the window was a blank wall. So, for some reason or other, I fastened Rita [Hayworth]'s picture to the wall. Early in the morning, as it got light, I rose up and looked briefly out of the window. Then, as I leaned backwards to get up out of the bedroll, I heard machine guns fire and bullets coming in, apparently being fired by a few leftover Germans. This lasted only for less than a minute, but it was enough to shatter the picture into two portions. Most of Rita unfortunately bit the dust, but I escaped.

As we got up further north, we came into range of the German railroad guns. They were huge guns on railroad tracks, because of their weight and size. Usually they were moved in and out of mountain side caves, as needed. I had two memorable encounters with these guns. The first was one day around noon, and our outfit was mostly in a one-story building gathered around some table, having our K rations. We all heard the shell coming [and] hit the floor. It missed the building, so we finished eating. After I finished, I left the building and was walking around its side. At that point, a second shell came in and hit the building. The noise was overwhelming. It deprived me of my senses. A couple of buddies had to come out of a foxhole and lead me to safety. I was pretty much paralyzed and could not move on my own. It was this episode in which I lost my ability to hear high pitched sounds.

The second encounter with the railroad guns happened at night in a small French village. Our instrument repair group was bunked down for the night inside a three- or four-story building when a friend of mine in another unit came in and asked me to take his place on guard duty, as he was sick. I agreed and took my position under an overpass. It must have been about three or four in the morning when the shell came in. It hit the building where I was supposed to be and destroyed it, with all inside.

For a few weeks after that, I hung around with my friends (some other guys from the Army Specialized Training Program, which folded). The higher-ups thought that I had been killed along with the rest of my outfit, and reported this to central command, which I guess eventually got back [home] to Peoria [Illinois]. After some weeks, however, I happened to run into an officer who was also from Peoria and who recognized me. He stopped me in a gathering area for our vehicles and told

PHOTOS COURTESY OF WILLIAM C. ULLRICK. PINUP COURTESY OF WWW.DOCTORMACRO.COM

Above, left: William Ullrick poses for his army portrait. Above, center: Rita Hayworth, American actress, dancer, and pinup girl, was a GI favorite. Ullrick carried her photo with him overseas. Above, right: Ullrick stands with his instrument repair group in France.

me I was supposed to be dead. He corrected the matter, and I was assigned to a replacement instrument repair unit.

William C. Ullrick
wartime private, 14th Armored Division
As told to Elizabeth Laura Ullrick Crocco
Tucson, Arizona

A PUPPY, A HORSE, AND A HERO

MY DAD, Captain Howard Ford "Sonny" Stearns, served as company commander for the 504th Military Police Battalion, which was the most decorated MP unit in World War II, earning nine battle stars and four bronze arrowheads for amphibious landings. Over a two-and-a-half-year combat tour, [his] Company A fought from North Africa to Sicily to Italy, where, upon landing at Anzio, my dad assumed command from a shell shocked major who tried to pick up live shells before being tackled and removed to safety by my dad. My dad helped his company survive the Anzio beachhead shellings by adopting a puppy who gave his company advance warning of incoming enemy shells. At Anzio, my dad and other American soldiers were astounded to discover they were being fired at from a monastery perched high in the hills.

While in France, my dad accepted a white stallion as a condition of surrender. The horse became, over the course of several months, the company mascot and my dad's personal riding horse. The same prisoners who had surrendered later made their escape in the dead of the night on the very same horse.

At the end of the war, the 504th was instrumental in liberating concentration camps in Rothenburg and Darmstadt, Germany, and with assisting the displaced persons from Dachau while headquartered in Munich. I still have a cell key from one of the camps he helped to liberate.

While in Munich in May 1945, Company A broadcast over the now American-controlled Radio Munich, informing the German civilian population of the restrictions and consequences imposed by martial law.

Now, over 50 years after Dad's death, I remain amazed, not just at the degree of sacrifice and bravery of my dad and his men, but for the legacy of service to one's country I can share with my son and his children.

Rod Stearns
Temple Terrace, Florida

A BOY'S BEACON OF HOPE

I WAS BORN IN 1942. My memory starts when I got my first glasses in 1944. In Lemoyne, Pennsylvania, during the war, there were blackouts, tarpaper on windows, no streetlights, etc. While I was sitting on my mother's lap on the front porch, I was scared that we were going to be bombed. My mother assured me that as long as the beacon light was working, we were safe.

Beacon Hill in New Cumberland no longer holds "my" beacon; however, several years ago I was reacquainted with my light on the observation deck of Harrisburg International Airport. [It] was like seeing an old friend that was so influential to my childhood. I can still hear a voice in the darkness telling my dad to "Put out that cigarette. Do you want to get bombed?"

Jim Quigley
Elliotsburg, Pennsylvania

AMERICA IN WWII LINGO!

1940s GI and civilian patter

clobber colleges: *classes that taught fighter pilots air-to-air and air-to-ground combat (i.e., how to clobber enemy attackers).*

bedpan: *1. An essential apparatus for the bedridden. 2. A submarine, so named by sailors for the similarity between the odor of its cramped quarters and that of meaning 1.*

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I WAS THERE

I Survived Halsey's Typhoon

by Seaman First Class Charles H. Wiggins

Charles H. Wiggins was 16 when Japan bombarded America into World War II. He and other boys his age were aware of what loomed over their future, and he enjoyed being 18 for only a month before he received his draft notice. He left his high school and family in Jacksonville, Florida, for US Navy boot camp in 1943. In July 1944, he was a seaman first class aboard the battleship USS Wisconsin (BB-64)*, headed for the Pacific theater.*

I will never forget the dates: December 17 and 18, 1944, during World War II in the far Western Pacific somewhere between the Caroline Islands and the Philippines. They are etched in my mind like dates on a tombstone.

I was an 18 year-old seaman aboard the battleship USS *Wisconsin*, which had joined Admiral William F. Halsey's Third Fleet at Ulithi [an atoll of 50 islets] in the Caroline Islands a few weeks earlier. Ulithi had a large deepwater lagoon formed by a cir-

The draft notice that came in 1943 didn't surprise 18-year-old Charles Wiggins of Jacksonville, Florida. He had known it was coming ever since the Pearl Harbor attack. He didn't even get to finish high school. By 1944 he was a seaman first class (above, left), riding out Typhoon Cobra in the Pacific. Navy ships, like this oiler (above, right), endured towering waves and high winds. Nearly 800 US sailors died.

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US NAVY

Wiggins weathered the typhoon aboard USS *Wisconsin (BB-64)* (above, showing the tail crane used to haul the ship's reconnaissance seaplanes back on deck). He could feel the ship shudder and hear her groan and crack as she tossed and rolled in the angry seas.

cle of small islands connected by coral reef. This lagoon was used as an advanced base anchorage. When we arrived, the anchorage was full of ships of every description: battleships, cruisers, aircraft carriers, destroyers, supply ships, tankers, and ammunition ships. There was no doubt it was by far the largest armada of fighting ships every assembled.

After several days' preparation, loading supplies, ammunition, and fuel, that massive fleet weighed anchor and set a westerly course for the Philippines, which were still held by the Japanese. That great fleet of ships seemed to stretch from horizon to horizon as we sailed that vast Pacific void.

The battleships', cruisers', and destroyers' assignment was to protect the carriers from enemy aircraft and ships as the carriers launched planes to attack enemy positions in the Philippines. The battleships were able to carry tremendous amounts of fuel, enough to cruise around the world if necessary without refueling. Almost every day, destroyers would pull alongside to take on fuel. This was accomplished while

Spend the day in 1944 aboard the
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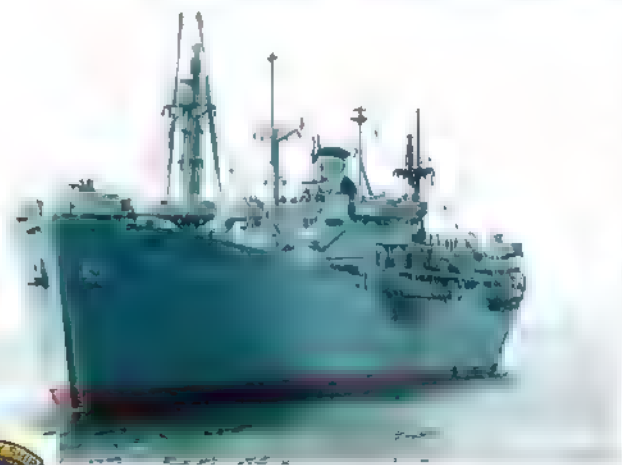

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we were underway and cruising at about 15 knots [about 17 miles per hour]. Large flexible fuel lines were used to transfer the fuel. This was a very tricky operation, even when the seas were calm, with the ships so close together. When the weather was bad and the seas were rough, refueling the destroyers became almost impossible. The fuel lines would pull apart when the destroyer was carried away by a large swell, and there was constant danger of it being sent crashing into the side of our ship.

This was the situation when we were advised that a typhoon was approaching, and it became more urgent than ever to complete refueling the destroyers. The weather grew worse each hour and the seas became angrier and angrier. Finally, in the late afternoon [of December 17], after breaking several fuel lines, the operation became too dangerous. The captain reluctantly gave the order to discontinue refueling, and the destroyers pulled away and resumed their positions in the fleet formation.

The wind was steadily increasing, and we set about securing the ship for the approaching big blow. As the sun sank below the western horizon, the skies were dark with gray, fast-moving clouds and heavy rainsqualls became more and more frequent. My bunk was in a sleeping compartment in the forward part of the ship, on the first level below the main deck. As I climbed in my bunk that night, the ship was beginning to roll and pitch more and more and make creaking sounds we had never heard before. We knew we were in for a rough night.

By dawn, the ship was rolling and pitching so badly that it was impossible to move about without holding on to something, taking a step, and grabbing something else. The waves were estimated to be 60 to 70 feet high. Visibility was down to almost zero. The rain was coming down in sheets, and the wind in the superstructure and rigging made such a high-pitched foreboding sound that I wanted to put my fingers in my ears to shut it out. It was impossible to go out on the main deck, as it was continually awash with those tremendous waves crashing over the bow.

All we could do was stay below in our quarters, hold on, and pray. That battleship was making all kinds of strange sounds as it fought its way through the raging seas. As the bow went down into a trough and plowed into the next big wave, the ship would shake and shudder as it slowly began to rise, all the while rolling from side to side. You could tell that tremendous pressures were being exerted on the hull from all the strange sounds, and now and then we would hear a loud cracking sound. It was welds in the bulkheads splitting when they could no longer stand the pressure. We feared for our lives and wondered if the *Wisconsin* was built strong enough to survive such an awesome typhoon [which would become known alternately as Halsey's Typhoon, the Typhoon of 1944, or Typhoon Cobra].

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"My grandfather and I cannot thank you enough. We had a wonderful journey together. He's still talking about it."
-WWII Vet Bernard Cheney and grandson Peter Edwards
SPECIALTY TOURS
TOURS & DESTINATIONS FOR THE LIFE LONG LEARNER

RIGHT & CENTER: US NAVY

The chief boatswain's mate reminded me that I had a four-hour lookout watch to pull in the foretop, an open lookout station at the highest point on the ship just forward of the mainmast and above the bridge. The foretop lookout station could be reached only by an outside ladder on the port side of the tower. I asked the chief if he couldn't have the lookout watch secured as the storm was so intense, but he replied, "You will stand your watch."

I made my way up through the superstructure and exited at the base of the tower. The wind was howling through the rigging. Driving rain pelted my face like bee stings, and the seas were in turmoil. The waves towered like mountains around the ship, and she was rolling more than 35 degrees. As I clung to the base of the ladder, I wondered how in the world I could ever climb to the top without being flung into the raging water below.

I waited for the ship to start making its roll to starboard, and when it was momentarily vertical, I started my long climb, hoping I could reach the top before it started its roll back to port. When I reached about the halfway point, the ship began its roll back to port, and before I climbed much higher, I looked down and was terrified to see nothing but sea below me. I froze and clung to that ladder for dear life and closed my eyes. It seemed forever before the ship slowly started its roll back to starboard again. When it reached the vertical, I lost no time climbing the rest of the way to the foretop.

When I climbed in, I found the lookout on duty anxious to turn the watch over to me, but he was apprehensive to start down that ladder. He waited like I had for the ship to roll to starboard, and he started his perilous descent.

As part of the Fast Carrier Group in Admiral William F. Halsey's Third Fleet, Wiggins's battleship *Wisconsin* focused on defending the aircraft carriers at the group's center. But there was no way to defend them from a typhoon. Here (top), USS *Langley (CVL-27)* rolls hard on December 18, 1944. Fire broke out on the hangar deck of USS *Monterey (CVL-26)*, damaging many planes (above).

I WAS THERE

The storm was continuing its fury unabated, and the motion of the ship was magnified extensively at that height. Visibility was so limited, only the ships closest to us were visible.

The destroyers were really taking terrible punishment. They would completely disappear in the deep troughs for what seemed like a full minute or so, and then they would come into sight again, riding to the crest of the next mountainous wave, sometimes rolling so far that it seemed their stacks were dipping water. At the height of that awesome typhoon, three of the destroyers capsized and sank, taking most of the crews with them. The USS *Spence [DD-512]* sank, leaving only 24 survivors. The USS *Monaghan [DD-354]* foundered and sank, leaving only six survivors, and the USS *Hull [DD-350]* capsized and went down, leaving only 63 survivors. The crew of a destroyer was approximately 260.

The Third Fleet was caught up in that monstrous typhoon for two days. Hundreds of our crewmen were so seasick that all they could do was lie in the bunks and moan

When, on the third day [December 19], the winds and seas started to subside and we could venture out onto the main deck, the damage we saw was overwhelming. All of our whaleboats were smashed to matchwood. The barrels of all the 20mm guns on the main forward deck were twisted into grotesque shapes. All the ladders from the main deck to the superstructure were torn away or smashed, and most all gear and life rafts secured on the main deck were swept away. Also, three seaplanes on the afterdeck were destroyed and swept overboard.

Many of the planes on the carriers were severally damaged or swept overboard. The carriers themselves sustained considerable damage. In fact, every ship in the fleet was severely mauled.

After the big blow was over and the seas started to calm down, the fleet cruised back through the general area where the destroyers went down. Some sailors miraculously survived and were picked up, but there were a total of 851 lives lost. [Loss figures vary according to sources consulted.]

The Third Fleet headed back to Ulithi, where we licked our wounds, made the necessary repairs, and continued our relentless attack on the enemy from the Philippines to Tokyo Bay, where victory finally came on September 2, 1945.

After the official Japanese surrender ceremony in the bay that day, the USS Wisconsin remained anchored there for a week while Wiggins and the rest of the crew gathered American POWs from Japanese camps. Once the prisoners were retrieved, the battleship set sail for America.

COURTESY OF CHARLES H. WIGGINS

Wiggins (left) relaxes with his friend and fellow *BB-64* sailor Marvin Tennant sometime in 1944.

Returning home to Jacksonville, Wiggins earned his high school diploma and took a few odd jobs before he settled in the US Army Corps of Engineers as a hydrographic surveyor, taking measurements and making calculations for marine construction and ship navigation. He worked there for almost 40 years, getting married and having a daughter along the way. He retired in 1982 and lives with his family in Sebring, Florida. ★

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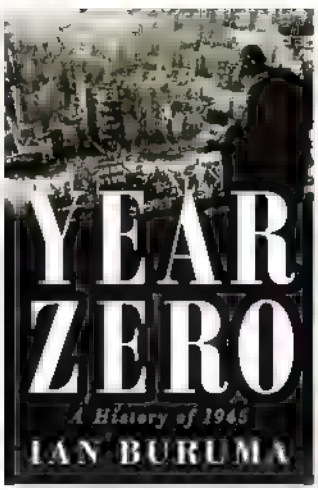
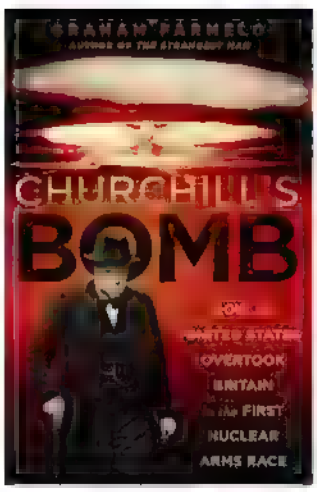
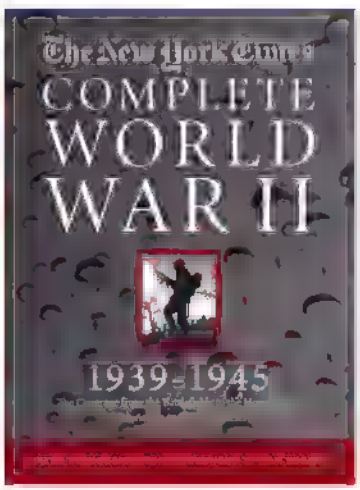
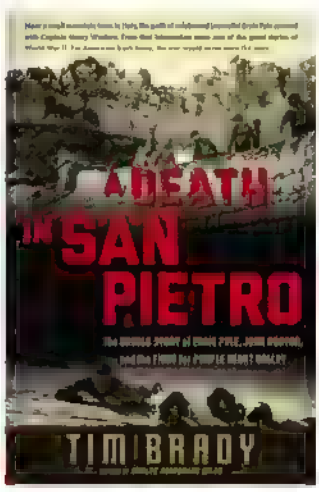








Year Zero: A History of 1945
by Ian Buruma, Penguin Press, 370 pages, $29.95.

World War II ended in 1945, but peace would have to wait. Scores needed to be settled, resentments nourished, populations relocated, justice served, revenge taken, and property seized. Victims continued to suffer without redress or restitution. Long-term strategists schemed for continental dominance in Europe and Asia. Colonies clamored for independence. Battlefield nations from France to China emerged from the war with populations of mixed loyalty and faced the possibility of civil war. Even with the Axis broken, the world seemed to teeter on the brink of bedlam.

This is the promising subject taken up by Dutch scholar and writer Ian Buruma in *Year Zero*. He casts a wide net, encompassing everything from British elections to Parisian reprisals to Manchurian executions. In a book of just 370 pages, such breadth comes at the cost of depth. Yet for a work focusing on social, cultural, and political trends in the immediate postwar period, this is justifiable.

Buruma organizes his history of 1945 topically, with unexpected chapter titles such as "Exultation," "Hunger," "Revenge," and "Draining the Poison." He explores each theme imaginatively, calling on research that was less like strip-mining global archives than selecting illuminating accounts from novelists, writers, and scholarly works. Relatively few military memoirs appear in these pages

Buruma focuses on nations reinventing themselves, rather than on the campaigns of victors and losers. This is a departure from most histories, but it permits him to present a very different cast of characters than is normally seen, ranging from French writer Marguerite Duras to German author Gunter Grass to Dutch sexual reformer Wim Storm.

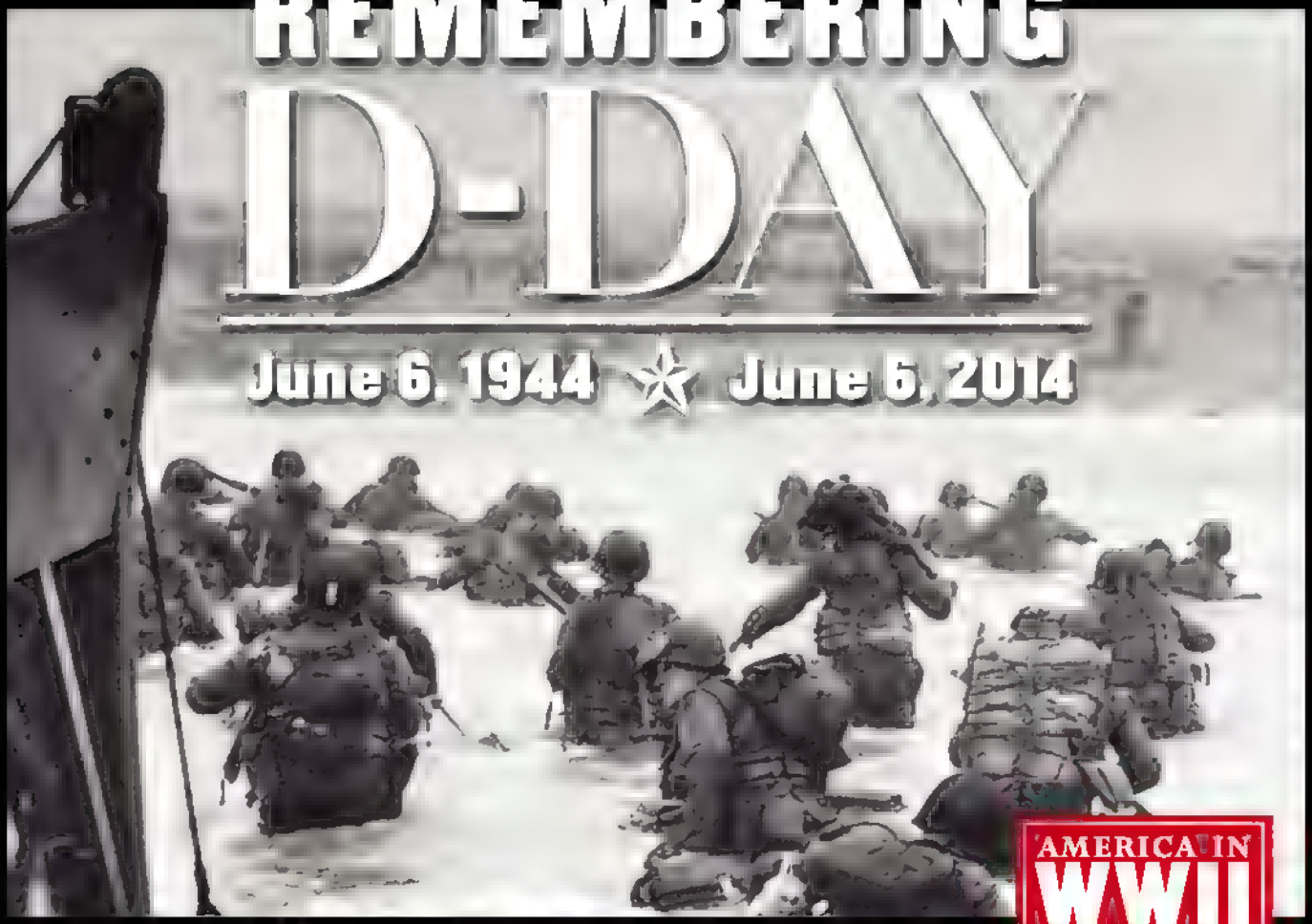
Starting out with a strong hand in the first chapter, "Exultation," Buruma explores the surge of repressed emotions in newly liberated countries. US and Canadian troops enjoyed unmatched material and sexual dominance in liberated and vanquished countries alike. Buruma describes well the complexity of these relationships, with both sexes hunting the other. He quotes Simone de Beauvoir referring to a young Parisian woman whose "main distraction" was "American hunting."

Buruma writes skillfully of the wicked turmoil of the immediate postwar era and the efforts to tame those wild times. Order and peace took priority over justice, and one of the most interesting aspects of the book is the calculated, strategic, highly political efforts made to tether the forces of disintegration. These ranged from President Charles De Gaulle in France (disarming the Left but also rehabilitating it) to General Douglas MacArthur in the Philippines (favoring established landowners) and Japan (sparing Emperor Hirohito from war crime indictments). History would second guess many of these choices, yet they were regarded as strategic gambits to establish peace and prevent internecine strife.

In Germany and Japan, the victors struggled not just to reestablish order but to reinvent whole societies, and Buruma explores this. Denazification in Germany led to shortages of teachers and technocrats and created opportunities for other political groups to make mischief. Reconstruction was understood as necessary, but not to the point of dynamic national revival. Britain, the Soviet Union, and the United States all used differing approaches to reshape German society, with varying success. Japan was simpler. Its population was much more cooperative, and it came to regard its de facto sovereign, MacArthur, favorably. For MacArthur, the

REMEMBERING D-DAY

June 6, 1944 ★ June 6, 2014



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challenge was writing a new constitution, permanently throttling the militarist impulse, and kindling the national economy—as well as preventing starvation. Compromises, some of which would appear unsavory to later generations, were inevitable in both Germany and Japan.

Like the best histories, Buruma's book includes accounts of colossally surprising events. My favorite describes aged Dutch matrons waxing wild and screaming over Canadian soldiers returning half a century after the war. Buruma describes it as "one of the most weirdly erotic scenes I had ever witnessed." Elsewhere, he recounts a French writer describing the return of her emotionally damaged husband after she had taken up with another man. The intensity of the period's transformations reached from the nation state all the way down to the marital state.

I would be remiss if I didn't point out that Buruma's own father appears periodically. Seized by the Germans during the occupation of Holland, he toiled as a laborer in Berlin, experienced several bombings, survived the Soviet arrival, and eventually made his lonely way home. The picaresque nature of his father's experiences suggests the tumult of 1945, yet the chaos of the times was too vast for any single life to represent it all.

Recent years have seen superb broad histories of the war from Rick Atkinson, Max Hastings, and Anthony Beevor. Much of the war continued in 1945; only the fighting stopped. Buruma's more circumscribed *Year Zero* continues the amazing work of Ronald Spector's *In the Ruins of Empire* and David Stafford's *Endgame: 1945* (both from 2007) and is worthwhile for its nuanced, quite different understanding of this central year in modern history.

THOMAS MULLEN
Flemington, New Jersey

Churchill's Bomb: How the United States Overtook Britain in the First Nuclear Arms Race
by Graham Farmelo, Basic Books, 554 pages, $29.99.

IN THE OPENING PAGES of *Churchill's Bomb*, author Graham Farmelo poses two questions: How well did British Prime Minister Winston Churchill rise to the nuclear challenge and how effectively did he work with the scientists who were developing nuclear weapons? In brief, the answer to both questions is, not very well. Although Churchill knew the potential of nuclear energy as early as the 1920s, Farmelo writes, he displayed "neither his usual sure footedness nor any of his habitual enthusiasm for innovative new weapons" when it came to the bomb.

Churchill was at turns fascinated by nuclear power's possibilities and filled with dread at its destructive potential. "He feared that contemporary leaders would not be equal to the challenges of handling the weapons that scientists were about to put in their hands," writes Farmelo. In 1925 he penned an article on the future of nuclear warfare entitled "Shall We All Commit Suicide," and in his article "Fifty Years Hence," he wrote, "Great nations are no longer led by their ablest men.... Democratic governments drift along the line of least resistance, taking short views, paying their way with sops and doles, and smoothing their path with pleasant-sounding platitudes." That was written in 1931. Churchill's opinion on the matter did not change in the ensuing years.

Even so, in 1941 Churchill approved plans to build the bomb. At that time, Farmelo writes, British nuclear scientists were "far ahead of their American colleagues in this field." Two years later the tables were reversed, and President Franklin Roosevelt and Churchill shook hands over the Quebec Agreement, which invited British scientists to join the Manhattan Project, the American effort to develop nuclear weapons. The agreement also promised that neither country would use the bomb without the other's consent. Sadly, the agreement ended with Roosevelt's death, and the Truman administration passed an act that forbade "collaboration on nuclear matters with any foreign country."

In seeking advice on nuclear science, Churchill, uncharacteristically, made poor decisions. He wanted a "tame scientist" to act as his private consultant, giving him an advantage, so he thought, over other politicians. The plan might have worked, had he selected the right scientist. Instead, in 1924 he began to court physicist Frederick Lindemann, who had a talent for "synopsis and simplification." Lindemann in turn wooed Churchill with loyalty, accessibility, and analytical ability.

Churchill called Lindemann "the Prof," and by 1932, Lindemann was considered a family friend. At one luncheon at the Churchill home, Churchill wanted Lindemann to showcase his ability for accurately summarizing and simplifying complex ideas. So Churchill set his watch and gave Lindemann five minutes to summarize quantum theory—using one-syllable words. Lindemann obliged successfully. "Performances like this impressed Churchill," notes Farmelo. But he failed to dig deep enough to understand that Lindemann had a reputation for "misunderstanding new and fundamental ideas in theoretical physics, and was increasingly becoming alienated from his peers." Lindemann was not an expert on nuclear science and was widely disliked for being caustic, over-confident, and self promoting. He made mistakes, too, such as when he advised Churchill that the Germans wouldn't be able to develop long range rockets. Nevertheless, he remained Churchill's consultant throughout his political career.

Lindemann biographer C.P. Snow warned that "if you are going to have a scientist in a position of isolated power, the only scientist among non-scientists, it is dangerous, when he has bad judgment." Famelo writes that while it can be argued that Churchill also had others advising him, not just Lindemann, "Churchill made a serious error in putting so much weight on the opinion of one scientist, whose weaknesses were so well known to his peers."

I enjoyed *Churchill's Bomb* almost in spite of myself. The idea of Britain and Churchill in an arms race with the United States was intriguing. But I panicked when, early in the book, Farmelo began explaining the mechanisms of nuclear fission. Fortunately, my worry was groundless. Although Farmelo devotes a respectable number of words to explaining concepts related to nuclear science, his background material is well written, and there's just enough to set the scene. He builds the framework of his argument around the

intriguing and complex relationships of the players—and how could he go wrong when the central player is Winston Churchill?

ALLYSON PATTON
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

The New York Times Complete World War II, 1939–1945: The Coverage from the Battlefields to the Home Front
edited by Richard Overy, foreword by Tom Brokaw, Black Dog and Leventhal, 611 pages plus DVD, $40.

THE *NEW YORK TIMES* has been published continuously since 1851 and is widely regarded as one of America's premier newspapers. It has won more Pulitzer Prizes than any other paper, starting with its first in 1918, for complete and accurate coverage of World War I. That tradition of excellent war reporting continued during the '30s and '40s with coverage of the events leading up to World War II and the war itself. Now the paper's articles related to the Second World War from 1939 to 1945 are collected in a single book and companion DVD.

As the compilation's editor, Richard Overy, states in his introduction, the articles represent "history in the raw." They are stories reported while events were taking place, built on facts and details witnessed by reporters, interviews with official sources, and facts gathered from whoever else could provide them before a story's deadline. Despite being hampered by censorship (by our own and other governments), deliberate misinformation, embargoes on war news, and the physical danger of being in a war zone, *Times* correspondents (and Associated Press and United Press reporters whose articles ran in the *Times*) reported the news faithfully in all its complexity.

The New York Times Complete World War II is attractive and large—12 inches tall by 9 inches wide. When opened fully, the page spreads are nearly the width of a newspaper page. This layout allows both long and short articles to flow naturally across the pages with clear text, photos, and illustrations

The content is a curated selection of articles from throughout the war. A prologue that covers events from 1919 to 1939, including Adolf Hitler's and Benito Mussolini's rise to power, Japan's invasion of China, and increasing concerns over

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By E M Owsiany

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whether the United States could remain neutral. Each of the 24 chapters covers two to six months of the war, and the book's epilogue has articles from 1945 to 1949 that report on the aftereffects of the war, including the establishment of the state of Israel, the Berlin airlift, and the rise of a nuclear-armed Soviet Union.

The articles reprinted here bring to life the full complexity of Western democracies at war. There are, of course, reports of battles. A headline from December 2, 1943, reads "1,026 Marines Lost in Tarawa Capture; 2,557 Wounded." One can only imagine how the families of the dead felt when they read that article. Beyond the battles, articles cover the home front, national politics, and international politics. There are reports on a nascent civil rights movement, questions and concerns about women in the workforce and what they will do after the war, labor strikes for better wages, and detailed articles on debates in Congress or between Congress and the White House.

As Overy mentions in his introduction to chapter 11, sometimes the biggest news wasn't reported well, due to wartime constraints on journalism. The June 1942 Battle of Midway, for instance, was a turning point in the war in the Pacific, yet the *Times* had very little to say about it. With hindsight you can detect in the *Times*'s coverage the US Navy's intentional obfuscation of its ability to read Japanese code.

Despite the holes caused by government constraints, the articles featured in this collection provide a sense of the ebb and flow of the war just as it was experienced in real time. The Blitz, the Battle of Britain, America's first combat in Africa, the long and bloody slog in Italy, and the terrible battles in the Pacific are all covered. There is very little good news from 1939 into 1943, and then in '43 and '44 the Allies are gaining ground, but at the cost of heavy casualties. After the Normandy invasion and initial successes in Europe, the *Times* was printing stories about an expected quick end to the war in 1944. The Battle of the Bulge shattered that hope. The articles from 1945 give scope to the vast changes resulting from the war, changes that would be felt for decades

There is a companion DVD to the book, and it is a researcher's dream. It contains more than 98,000 articles—all of the *Times*'s war-related pieces from 1939 to 1945. Insert the DVD into a computer and it launches a browser with an attractive title page from which you can begin

★ THEATER OF WAR

Catch-22

Directed by Mike Nichols, written by Buck Henry from the novel by Joseph Heller, starring Alan Arkin, Martin Balsam, Richard Benjamin, Art Garfunkel, Jack Gilford, Buck Henry, Bob Newhart, Anthony Perkins, Paula Prentiss, Martin Sheen, Jon Voight, Orson Welles, Bob Balaban, Charles Grodin, 1970, 121 minutes, color, rated R.

FLUSH WITH THE SUCCESS of his first two features, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf?* and *The Graduate*, director Mike Nichols set out to tackle Joseph Heller's blackly comic antiwar novel *Catch-22*, a sprawling, episodic book that many considered unfilmable. And many still felt that way after seeing Nichols's film. But the years have been kind to *Catch-22*, and the movie deserves a reassessment.

Like the book, the movie centers on B-25 bombardier Yossarian (Alan Arkin). Stationed on an Italian island and under the command of mercurial Colonel Cathcart (Martin Balsam), Yossarian seeks to be declared crazy and get grounded. But, as Doc Daneeka (Jack Gilford) explains, while you must be crazy to want to fly combat missions, anyone who *asks* to be grounded must be sane and therefore wouldn't get grounded. "That's Catch-22," he says That bit of fractured logic has entered the cultural lexicon and perfectly captures Heller's view of bureaucratic institutions like the military.

Yossarian isn't the only misfit in the squadron. Orr (Bob Balaban) keeps ditching his planes in the sea. Milo Milobender (Jon Voight) is the spirit of capitalism run amok as he trades parachutes and morphine for goods he barters elsewhere—even to the Germans. Nately (Art Garfunkel) dotes on the Roman prostitute he loves but remains naïve about life's bigger issues Even poor Doc can't catch a break. In order to receive credit for flying time, he places his name on the manifest of a plane that later crashes, and as a result, everyone acts as though he were dead; paperwork trumps reality. The only one who appears rational is Arfy (Charles Grodin), but he turns out to be the craziest of all.

The officers are no better. Hapless Major Major (Bob Newhart) receives command of the squadron even though he's just a captain. He decides visitors will be accepted in his office only when he's not there. Major Danby (Richard Benjamin) appears unaware of the dangers his men face on their missions. Cathcart, who routinely raises the number of missions required before men get rotated home, and his sneering sidekick, Lieutenant Colonel Korn (Buck Henry), willingly collude with Milo in his lunatic capitalistic schemes, while General Dreedle (Orson Welles) apparently has no idea what he's doing.

Woven throughout the movie are

searching or browsing the articles. Converted to digital using character recognition software, the articles have typos and occasional unintelligible text, and there are no paragraph breaks. But these issues are minor when weighed against the vast amount of information available

Together, the book and companion DVD are perhaps the only way to get a contemporary view of the war as 1940s Americans experienced it. This collection really is the first draft of history

DREW AMES
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

A Death in San Pietro: The Untold Story of Ernie Pyle, John Huston, and the Fight for the Purple Heart Valley
by Tim Brady, Da Capo, 320 pages, $25.99.

MANY YEARS AGO, my father (a career army officer) and I watched John Huston's 1945 film *The Battle of San Pietro*, about the Allies' effort to capture a town in Italy's Liri Valley. As Texans, we took interest in the film because it features the 36th "Texas" Infantry Division. Huston, then serving in the US Army as a filmmaker for the War Department, produced a 30-minute documentary about the battle, a film whose footage of dead American soldiers shocked and horrified the US public.

In the book *A Death in San Pietro*, author Tim Brady takes up this same portion of the Italian campaign. He begins with three stories—of the Texas Division, John Huston, and war correspondent Ernie Pyle—and effectively pulls them together to create a fascinating narrative.

First, Brady provides background on Pyle, Huston, the 36th Division, and others, including the division's commander during the battle, Major General Fred Livingood Walker. A highly decorated soldier, Walker had earned the Distinguished Service Cross and suffered wounds leading American troops into battle in World War I. The 36th Infantry Division, composed primarily of National Guardsmen from Texas and including some Oklahoma soldiers, entered federal service in 1940 in San Antonio, Texas. Walker assumed command in late 1941. The division participated in the Brownwood Maneuvers in Texas, the August–September 1941 Louisiana Maneuvers, the Carolina Maneuvers, and in amphibious training at Camp Edwards in Massachusetts. It finally moved overseas in April 1943 and saw its first combat during the landings at Salerno, Italy, that September.

Brady approaches the San Pietro battle narrative by weaving together the stories of 36th Infantry Division veterans. This style, seen in the books of another Da Capo author, Alex Kershaw, allows for a more personal view of the war that evokes a deeper sense of the soldiers' fears, hopes, and sense of loss. Brady uses the story of Captain Henry T. Waskow of Belton, Texas, as a point of intersection. Waskow joined the division's 143rd Infantry Regiment with two of his brothers, John and August. After serving as an enlisted man and earning a college degree, Waskow was commissioned a lieutenant and placed in command of Company B of the 143rd's 1st Battalion. While at Camp Edwards, he was promoted to captain. As Brady shows,

Yossarian's recollections of a mission on which a young gunner dies—recollections that gradually reveal the true horror of what transpired. The scenes unfold like a dream that gradually turns into a nightmare, and they provide *Catch-22* with a grounding in the stark reality of war that jars—deliberately so—with its comedy.

That's a lot to juggle in two hours, and the movie does feel a bit overstuffed. Yet it has its rewards. For one thing, it includes some stunning sequences of B-25 bombers firing up and taking off. (Tragically, the film's second unit director fell to his death from one of the B-25s while filming an aerial sequence.)

Catch-22 had the unfortunate timing of reaching theaters at the same time as another anti-war comedy, Robert Altman's *M*A*S*H*. Altman's film became a huge hit that spun off a successful TV series, while Nichols's film met with public indifference. The attempt to turn it into a television show resulted in only a single pilot episode. It's probably just as well.

—TOM HUNTINGTON
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

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Heidi Kushlan signed), CEO, 10/1/2013.

Waskow proved to be an effective leader, earning the respect and admiration of the men under his command

Waskow's story connects with the man who would become one of the most famous American journalists covering World War II: Ernie Pyle. Born in 1900 near Dana, Indiana, Pyle entered Indiana University in 1919, but didn't graduate. Instead, he accepted a job with the LaPorte *Herald*. Just three months later, he was working at the Washington *Daily News* where he met his wife, Geraldine "Jerry" Siebolds.

Brady describes Pyle's growing skill at writing and his trips across the country with Jerry at his side. His Hoosier Vagabond column, written for the Scripps-Howard chain, brought him an even greater, national audience. Pyle and Jerry settled in Albuquerque, New Mexico, but Jerry's increasing problems with depression and their struggles with alcohol abuse marred their relationship. Pyle finally headed overseas to observe the London Blitz, later traveling to North Africa in 1942 to cover the war there. The columns he wrote, as Brady details, hit home and grew in popularity.

Enter John Huston. Flush with fame from his directorial debut with *The Maltese Falcon*, Huston enlisted in early 1942. His first assignment as a member of the US Army Signal Corps came during the Aleutians campaign. Frank Capra, another noted Hollywood director who served in the armed forces, took notice and called Huston for work in North Africa. But it was in Italy that Huston would make the film whose depiction of the realities of combat caught the attention of the nation and the world (but not right away—*San Pietro* was initially considered controversial and didn't play in the States until near the war's end).

Meanwhile, Pyle's column on the death of Captain Waskow in San Pietro resonated with troops and their families. The prose was pure Pyle: simple, concise, and heart-rending. Brady includes it in its entirety. For Americans, this column reduced the war to a single death, one that stood for all the losses suffered in the war.

The soft underbelly of Europe proved to be anything but soft for those who battled there. In *A Death in San Pietro*, Brady uses the eloquence of men who were there to show what World War II in Italy was really like.

MICHAEL EDWARDS
New Orleans, Louisiana

★ 78 RPM

The Art of Noise

THE EARLY 1940S were noisy years. Factories were humming, bombs bursting, planes buzzing overhead, cars rumbling down streets, and radios blaring. Part of the racket was war. Part was simply the modern age. All of it was music to the ears of John Cage.

You'd expect an unusual aesthetic sensibility in an artist who studied music with experimental composers. By the time the world kicked industrial production into high gear to churn out ships, planes, bullets, and other war necessities, Cage was about 30 and was busy becoming an experimental composer in his own right. Through the war years, he wrote more than three dozen pieces, mostly percussion-oriented accompaniments for dance that are not often recognized these days by their titles. His rhythmic focus in these works mitigated a substantial musical shortcoming of his: "I can't keep a tune," he said. "In fact I have no talent for music."

Cage's wartime pieces reverberated with "prepared piano"—a piano that might be described as deliberately made noisy. Cage's own invention, prepared piano was a standard piano whose strings were rigged with paper, rubber bands, and other materials to produce clanky or buzzy percussive sounds. For his 1942 work *And the Earth Shall Bear Again*, for example, screws were attached to the strings of 10 notes and strips of wool weaved through another octave and a half. Many listeners heard mere noise in these pieces and no hint of rhyme or reason.

Others heard genius, the work of a truly modern artist expressing the world he lived in—a noisy world not reflected in traditional lyrical melodies with classically appropriate accompaniments.

Cage's excursions to the musical fringe eventually produced collages of tape-recorded sounds, electronically generated effects, and scores determined by chance, using methods such as rolling dice. His most famous, or infamous, composition was *4'33"* (or *4 Minutes, 33 Seconds*). The 1952 work consisted of instructions to the performers to position themselves at their instruments and do nothing for the duration. The point was silence—or, rather, that there was no such thing as silence. Silence was sound: whispering between audience members, the pianist shifting on a creaky bench, the air conditioner of the concert hall turning on.

The average Mozart or Bing Crosby aficionado didn't care much for Cage's innovations. Most might have wished that true silence did exist and that Cage had spent his life indulging in it. But noise as music was here to stay. By the late sixties, Blue Cheer was turning Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues" into a soup of bassy grunge, the Beatles were splicing and re-splicing tape clips for "Revolution 9," and Jimi Hendrix was coaxing feedback from his guitar amp for a screaming "Star-Spangled Banner." Music to the postmodern ear.

—CARL ZEBROWSKI
editor of *America in WWII*

WWII EVENTS

CALIFORNIA • **Through April, Palm Springs:** "The Greatest Generation: A Visual Tribute." Collection of 50-plus portraits of men and women who served at home and abroad painted by guest artist-in-residence Chris Demarest. Palm Springs Air Museum, 745 North Gene Autry Trail. 760-778-6262. www.palmspringsairmuseum.org

Jan. 11, Palm Springs: "The Battle of Britain Halts the Wehrmacht." Learn about Britain's crucial air victories in 1940 and how they helped defeat Germany. Palm Springs Air Museum, 745 North Gene Autry Trail. 760-778-6262. www.palmspringsairmuseum.org

FLORIDA • **Jan. 14–Mar. 19, Sarasota:** "Deadly Medicine: Creating the Master Race." Learn how the Nazis adopted and appropriated the international eugenics movement for their own regime. Ringling College of Art and Design, 2700 North Tamiami Trail. 800-255-7695. www.ringling.edu

ILLINOIS • **Through Feb. 2, Chicago:** "State of Deception: The Power of Nazi Propaganda." Exhibition that examines how Adolf Hitler used propaganda to rally support for his Nazi party in Germany after World War I. The Field Museum, 1400 South Lake Shore Drive. 312-922-9410. www.fieldmuseum.org

LOUISIANA • **Through Feb. 16, New Orleans:** "We Can... We Will... We Must! Allied Propaganda of WWII." Exhibit of American propaganda campaigns, featuring well-known and obscure posters, artifacts, and newsreels. National WWII Museum, 945 Magazine Street. 504-528-1944. www.nationalww2museum.org

Feb. 14–Mar. 30, New Orleans: "Big Band Favorites of the '40s and '50s." Enjoy famous songs of the WWII era by the Victory Big Band, featuring special guest vocalists. Stage Door Canteen, National WWII Museum, 945 Magazine Street. 504-528-1944. www.nationalww2museum.org

MASSACHUSETTS • **Jan. 20, Fall River:** Martin Luther King, Jr., Day. Learn about the inequality that African Americans faced during World War II in the navy, with special guided tours, activities, and exhibits. Battleship Cove, 5 Water Street. 508-678-1100. www.battleshipcove.com

NORTH CAROLINA • **Jan. 11, Wilmington:** "Hidden Battleship." Four-hour behind-the-scenes tour of unrestored areas of the battleship *North Carolina*, with an information session from the Azalea Coast Radio Club about its work on the ship's radio transmitters. Registration and payment due by January 9. 8:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. and 1:30 P.M. to 5:30 P.M. Battleship Memorial, 1 Battleship Road. 910-251-5797. www.battleshipnc.com

Feb. 15, Wilmington: "Firepower!" Discover the battleship *North Carolina*'s firearms collection and fire control equipment through presentations and a hands-on program. Registration and payment due by February 13. 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Battleship Memorial, 1 Battleship Road. 910-251-5797. www.battleshipnc.com

TEXAS • **Through Feb. 7, Lubbock:** "Toys Go to War." Collaborative exhibition with the Museum of Texas Tech University, displaying and interpreting military toys from before, during, and after wartime. Silent Wings Museum, 6202 North I-27. 806-775-3049. www.silentwingsmuseum.com

Feb. 7, Fredericksburg: "Ring of Fire." Temporary exhibit focusing on experiences of Canadian soldiers in the Pacific theater, told using collected items from various Canadian museums. The National Museum of the Pacific War, 340 East Main Street. 830-997-8600. www.pacificwarmuseum.org

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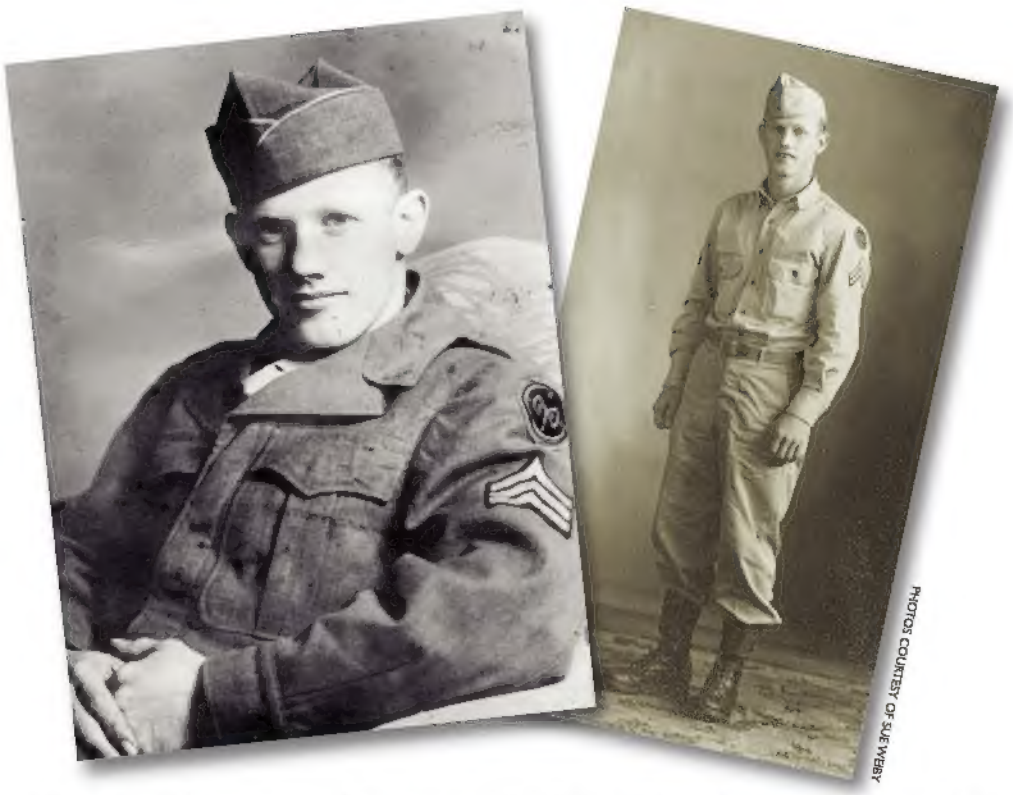

PHOTOS COURTESY OF SUE WEIBY

Warren "Red" Spicer was one of five brothers drafted in World War II. At 20 years old, he traveled from Minnesota to Okinawa, where he worked as an engineer building bridges until Japan surrendered.

Warren "Red" Spicer's family was lucky: Five sons went to war and five came back. Red was one of them. Just 20 years old, he was drafted in May 1943 and left Cottage Grove, Minnesota, for basic training at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri.

After graduation Spicer was sent to the New Hebrides Islands in the South Pacific to join Company B of the 102nd Combat Engineering Battalion. He joined the unit on the island of Saipan, as preparations for the Battle of Okinawa were underway. The thought of the coming fight on Okinawa—which would be one of the longest, bloodiest battles of World War II—understandably made many soldiers very anxious. Spicer wasn't exempt from that feeling, but he nonetheless volunteered to give up his safe assignment taking ship inventory to go to Okinawa in place of an older man with a family.

The army engineers barely managed to land on Okinawa due to the constant barrage of Japanese shells. Spicer's company was in charge of building and repairing bridges. While working on a bridge that was 75 percent complete, he looked up to see figures moving in the distance. He realized they were Japanese troops ready to fire. Ironically, the job that put him in danger was what saved him. "The first blast of fire...went over my head and ran along the top beam of the bridge," he remembered. "The bridge beams were five feet high, and I was standing by one. If I hadn't been bent over, driving those locking pins in place, I probably wouldn't still be alive."

Spicer remained on Okinawa for three and a half months. After the Japanese surrender, he flew to Japan to join the occupation force. In February 1946, after two years and nine months overseas, he returned home to Minnesota, where he lived until his death in January 2012. ★

Submitted by Sue Weiby, *daughter of Red Spicer. Written by* Allison Charles, *editorial intern of* America in WWII.

Send your GIs photo and story to editor@americainwwii.com or to: GIs, America in WWII, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109

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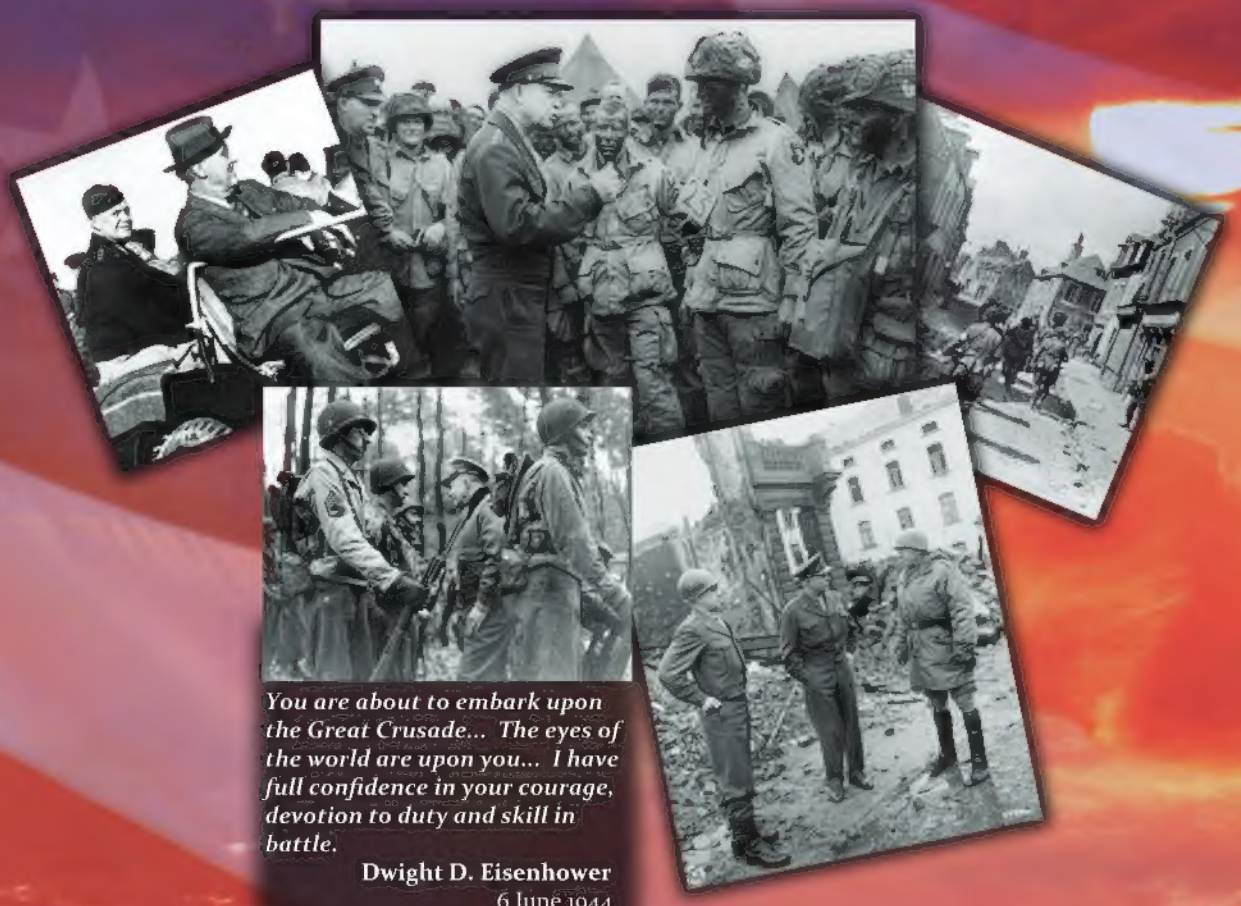
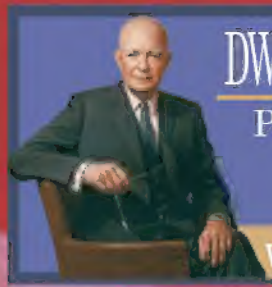
JUNE 2013 - DECEMBER 2016

World War II Remembered
Leaders, Battles & Heroes
1941 - 1945
2013 - 2016



You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade... The eyes of the world are upon you... I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle.

Dwight D. Eisenhower
6 June 1944



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